The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 330. Vol. LV. MARCH, 1919. Price Ninepence.

9d. net monthly. Special Numbers 1/- net and 2/6 net.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: British Isles, Canada and Newfoundland, 16/- per annum post free. Other places abroad, 18/- per annum post free.

CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 179

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY—

Beatrice Baskerville 183

THE READER—

James Russell Lowell. By R. Ellis Roberts 185

Essays in Romantic Literature. By George Saintsbury .. 189

Prize Competitions 191

Burns at Abbotsford. By John Muir 194

NEW BOOKS—

Poetry and Verse. By Katharine Tynan 196

Sainte-Beuve. By Eugene Mason 196

Midas and Son 197

A History of the Guises. By Jane T. Stoddart .. 197

Shadows of Passion. By C. E. Lawrence 198

Five Books About Russia. By C. E. Bechhofer .. 198

Stevenson's New Poems. By Major S. Butterworth .. 200

Arnold Bennett's Latest. By F. G. Bettany 202

Readings in Literature .. 202

Pen Pictures of Eastern Life. By St. Nihal Singh .. 203

Meredith and His Friends. By Walter Jerrold .. 204

NOVEL NOTES—

The Tunnel—The Marne—The Silent Battle-field—Morning Joy—The Splendid Outlaw—Barbara Mary — The Middle Temple Murder—The Great Portrait Mystery 206–207

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—

The Soul of Two Knights—Songs of Wales and Devon—The Indestructible Nation 207–8

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The April Bookman will be a Spring Special Number and, in addition to all usual features, will contain an Illustrated Supplement devoted to new and forthcoming books.

Messrs. Constable are publishing shortly "The Strong Hours," by Mrs. Maud Diver. This is not so much a sequel as the second half of her striking novel, "Strange Roads," the full story being too long to be included, in these difficult days, in a single volume. Reviewers who described "Strange Roads" as unfinished, please note.

"The House of Courage," a new novel by Mrs. Victor Rickard, will be published early this month by Messrs. Duckworth.

A monograph on the late Cecil Chesterton, written by his friend, Louis J. McQuilland, assisted by J. K. Prothero (Mrs. Cecil Chesterton), will be published shortly by Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward. The book will be an intimate personal study of its subject, from his childhood until he died in hospital at Boulogne as a private in the H.L.I. It will be illustrated with some interesting photographs.

A "History of Modern France," in two volumes, is shortly to be added by the Cambridge Press to their Cambridge Historical series.

Sir George Douglas writes: "The unveiling of a monument to Benito Pérez Galdós at Madrid is a tribute to Spain's foremost living writer which deserves notice in this country, where his novels of 'Doña Perfecta,' 'Gloria,' and 'La Familia de Leon Roch' are probably the best known of contemporary Spanish works of fiction. Besides novels, Galdós has of course written history (Episodios Nacionales) and plays, among which I lately observed that the critic of *La Epoca* characterised 'El Abuelo' as the greatest Spanish play of the last century. But here, as in the case of Hugo's 'Cromwell,' length forbids scenic representation, for it runs to over four hundred printed pages."

"German Days," which Mr. John Murray has just published, narrates the personal experiences of a Jewish child, a Polish girl, and gives her impressions of the troubled life and very bad manners that prevail in latter-day Germany.

XUM

Mr. Herbert Trench,
who has recently completed a new drama, "Napoleon," which will be published and probably staged in London this year.

A new long novel by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" will be published almost immediately by Messrs. Macmillan. It is called "Christopher and Columbus," and is the story of two young orphan girls, children of a German father and an English mother, who when it became unpleasant to be of German parentage in this country, during the early stages of the war, were sent to America to meet with lively and remarkable adventures.

"The Fourth Dimension," a book of essays in the realm of unconventional thought, will be published this spring by Messrs. C. W. Daniel. The anonymous author is an officer of the Grand Fleet.

A new humorist is not a common discovery, and Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. consider they have found one in Sidney Hastings Webb, whose piquant light-comedy story, "Ah, Mr. Guy, Mr Guy!" they are publishing early in April. The book will be illustrated by the distinguished *Punch* artist, G. L. Stampa.

"The Passing of the Barque *Sappho*," another narrative of a war-time voyage by J. E. Patterson, is to be published this month by Messrs. Dent.

"The Australians: Their Final Campaign, 1918," by the well-known Australian war correspondent, F. M. Cutlack, will be published this month by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. The same firm has in the press "Zooms and Spins," a new book by the clever airman who writes under the pseudonym of "Rafbird."

A book of drawings by Lieutenant John D. Coleridge, which form a gallery of spirited impressions of the great exploits of the Fleet during the war, is almost ready for publication by Mr. Lee Warner, for the Medici Society. Lieutenant Coleridge made his sketches while he was on his ship, *Glorious*, at Scapa Flow, Rosyth, and elsewhere. The book is to be entitled, "The Grand Fleet: A War-Time Sketch-book."

If testimony were needed to the vogue of Rex Beech, it may be found in the fact that the Film Booking Offices are producing on the "movies" a pictorial record of the 12,000 mile expedition he made, with Dr. Salisbury, the explorer, Dr. Willis and Mary Roberts Rinehart, through Central and South America. Some of the pictures show how the famous novelist occupied his leisure while the expedition was resting.

Captain Shaun Malory,
whose new novel, "The Quest of the Golden Spurs," was published last month by Messrs. Jarrold.

We learn with much regret of the death of Mr. John F. Harris, of heart failure, at the age of thirty-one. Mr. Harris, who had done work of considerable promise in literature, after passing Responsions at Oxford and winning an open exhibition in History at St. John's College, Cambridge, was for a time Master at the North Devon School, Barnstaple. In October, 1910, he went into residence at St. John's, Cambridge, and took the College Essay Prize three years in succession, and a second in Part I. of the Historical Tripos. In 1914, in which year he took his B.A. degree, he became tutor to the sons of Sir Henry Babington Smith and, at Cambridge, passed the Modern Language Special, obtaining a Second Class in the French Section and a First Class in the English. Abandoning his intention of taking Orders, he now devoted himself entirely to literature. in which he had proved his capacity by editing and writing for the *Cambridge Magazine*, and writing for the *Eagle* and the *Gownsman*. From January to July, 1915, he was a master at the Preparatory School at Sherborne, but resigned owing to a breakdown of his health, from which he never really recovered. He was afterwards literary adviser to Mr. Grant Richards who, in 1916, published his book, "Samuel Butler: Author of 'Erewhon': The Man and His Work."

Mr. John F. Harris.

WAR BOOKS.

"The League of Nations." By Mathias Erzberger. (7s. 6d. net. Hodder & Stoughton.) To realise at a glance the difference between the German character and outlook and the character and outlook of the nations that have been opposing her, you should read first General Smuts's impersonal, large-minded, eminently reasonable proposals for establishing "The League of Nations," and then this self-assertive, covertly or openly boastful book upon the same subject. There is no contrition for the immeasurable loss and ruin that Germany's thirst for power has brought upon the world; no modesty, no diffidence, though Erzberger does admit that it was a mistake for Bethmann-Hollweg to say that Germany was not only ready to enter such a League but to place herself at the head of it. He finished his book last September, when it still seemed

Photo by Richard W. Hutt, Bath.

Mr. Frederic Harrison, whose new book, "On Society," Messrs. Macmillan have published.

Mrs. Will Gordon, Author of "Roumania of Yesterday and To-Day." (John Lane.)

Mr. Louis Raemaekers, the famous Dutch cartoonist.

The late H. H. Munro ("Saki"),

whose new book, "The Toys of Peace,' has just been published by Mr. John Lane. An article on H. H. Munro's work, "A Great Humorist," by S. P. B. Mais, will be published in next month's BOOKMAN.

probable that, if Germany could not be victorious, she could not be defeated, and this may help to account for his superior tone. He claims that Germany was the first nation to set the example of referring national disputes to arbitration, yet has to confess in passing that it was Germany's unfortunate opposition at The Hague that prevented the Powers from making an agreement for the reduction of armaments; and he prides himself on the fact that the Hague Conference, with Germany's help, produced a Convention by which "the lot of sick and wounded in naval warfare was assured," and we know how the Hun has respected that Convention. His claim that Germany must have its Colonies back because "it must have an opportunity of displaying its ability as compared with other nations," is at least amusing; and his suggestion that the African Colonies of Belgium and Portugal ought to be given to Germany, in addition to the Colonies there that once belonged to her, illustrates vividly how impossible it is for the Hun even now to realise that there is anything unjust in robbing weaker nations, or to see himself as others see him. The book is valuable, as indicating the claims that will be advanced by the German Delegates when they are admitted to the Peace Conference.

"Front Line Lyrics." By Lieut.-Col. F. W. D. Bendall. (2s. 6d. net. Elkin Mathews.) There are no affectations, no eccentricities in these poems; they reflect, in grave or lighter moods, the thoughts and feelings of a soldier while he was campaigning in Gallipoli, France, and elsewhere. They have imagination, and a simple, sincere emotional intensity. The battle lyrics are splendidly vigorous and spirited; and there is truth and beauty of thought and expression in several of the quieter descriptive or reflective poems. A little book of verse that deserves to be read and remembered.

"The Diggers." By Patrick MacGill. (2s. 6d. net. Herbert Jenkins.) A graphic, breezily-written narration of the heroic doings of the Australian soldiers in France and Flanders.

"Birds of a Feather." By Mrs. Horace Tremlett. (6s. 9d. net. Hutchinson.) The author of "Looking for Grace" can always be depended upon for good entertainment, and this story of London in war time is as deft and sparkling and as gaily humorous as any she has written. A love interest, more than one, comes into it with the lively, pretty widow, Rose Devenish; and a spice of excitement and some amusing complications arise out of Mick Vyner's secret service mission and the adventures of an escaped German prisoner who contrives to make Rose and her sentimental companion responsible for keeping him in concealment. The characters are lightly but cleverly sketched and, except for the tragic end of the German, it is all a book for the pleasantest laughter.

"The Odyssey of a Torpedoed Tramp." By Y. (6s. net. Constable.) Tells, in a series of letters, of the very miscellaneous adventurings of a French tramp steamer which, till it was sunk with all hands, dared the U-boat peril and fetched and carried across the water German prisoners, coals, troops, and did gallantly the hundred and one odd jobs that such ships were sent to do. A capital yarn, full of gusto and incident and written with such evident knowledge that it reads like truth; and is possibly true.

"The Romance of the Red Triangle." By Sir Arthur K. Yapp. (6s. net. Hodder & Stoughton.) This record of the great work done by the Y.M.C.A. among the fighting men, at home and at the front, is one of the finest and most romantic stories of the

war. It leaves one not only wondering at but grateful for the energy and far-flung organisation that provided so efficiently and in so many ways for the spiritual and material welfare of our soldiers the world over. An inspiring chronicle which one reads with a feeling that the Y.M.C.A. has reason to be proud of itself, and the nation even more reason to be proud of the Y.M.C.A.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

BEATRICE BASKERVILLE.

WHEN Miss Beatrice Baskerville's fourth book (her second novel) was published it met with an entirely favourable reception from all except one of its reviewers. He was a little bitter and declared that, reading the story, it was "easy to see the author had never lived abroad." Which must mean either that the reviewer was not a good judge, or that no reliance can be placed upon internal evidence. For, the fact is, not only was that particular book written abroad, but Miss Baskerville has rarely lived anywhere else.

She began her career as a journalist, and has gone into various parts of the globe as correspondent of the *New York World*; and in the intervals of journalism she has worked hard and through many disappointments to win the assured place that now belongs to her as a writer of fiction. Her first essay in literature was a translation of Gogol's "Taras Bulba." She followed this with an admirable study of "The Polish Jew," and that with her first novel, "Their Yesterday." These books were well enough received, but their success was not more than respectable and she confesses that she was discouraged. So much so that she resolved to "stick to journalism," and in addition to her work for the *New York World* began to contribute occasional correspondence and articles to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Contemporary* and *Fortnightly*, and other periodicals. Also in those days, after an interval, she tried her hand at playwriting, but had no luck with the managers.

Photo by Stuarts, Zurich. **Miss Beatrice Baskerville.**

During a holiday at home in the summer of 1913, it occurred to her that one of her many rejected plays had a strong topical interest and might well be converted into a novel. By April, 1914, this novel was ready and the manuscript of "When Summer Comes Again" went to a London publisher. She had written it in Warsaw, and the story was intended to reveal to England something of those secret workings and intentions of Germany which have since culminated in and been frustrated by the great war. But the war had come before the book found acceptance, and it was not published until late in 1915. Nearly every publisher in London declined it, and such readers' opinions as she was allowed to see were so scornful that "I felt on reading them," says Miss Baskerville, who by that time was busy again with journalistic work in Rome, "the proper place for the author of such hopeless stuff was the Tiber." However, the novel found harbourage, and on its appearance the reviewers were unanimously and warmly appreciative, with the lamentable exception of the one to whom we made reference in our opening paragraph.

But the book was not more than moderately successful, its warnings were already fulfilled, and people who will not always listen to prophecies before the event are, of course, less interested in those that, though written before, do not make their appearance till after it. If, on the whole, the results were again a little disappointing, Miss Baskerville was by no means deterred. In 1915–16, whilst she was acting as special correspondent for the *New York World* in Milan, she wrote "Baldwin's Kingdom"—a powerful and wonderfully intimate story of Russian life and character, and its publication rather more than a year ago left her future as a novelist no longer in doubt. It marked a real advance from her previous books not only in popular success but in the mastery of her art as a teller of stories. The story itself wears an air of convincing truthfulness and its people are so simply and vividly human that one is not surprised to gather that most of them have, or had, their prototypes in actual life.

Even while "Baldwin's Kingdom" was being written, says Miss Baskerville, "things were happening in Russia which have ended in sweeping away for ever Petrograd

as I knew it. Of the Russians whose characters suggested the book not one, I fear, is now alive. Of the others, Tim is flourishing and the father of a family, Stella lives, as she was born, in the shades of the renaissance villa on Monte Parioli. Lady Avon is, I believe, in America and her amiable husband a great favourite in New York society."

In November, 1915, Miss Baskerville went from Milan to Lucerne on business connected with her work as newspaper correspondent, and at Lucerne she met some old and dear friends who had escaped from Warsaw when it was overrun by the hordes of the Hun. They told her of terrible experiences through which they had passed, and even the worst of their anecdotes were amply corroborated by what she learned later from many other refugees, Poles and Russians. As she was leaving Lucerne one of her friends urged her, with tears in his eyes, to " tell England what Poland has endured," and with these memories and that plea upon her she presently fashioned the realistic romance of " Love and Sacrifice." She began the book in Rome, in the summer of 1916, and has put into it not one incident of German rapine, brutality or cowardice that was not endured by Poles she has known and whose sufferings were related to her by themselves or by eye-witnesses. But the story is very much more than all this. Its interest centres on the old, aristocratic Polish family of Ruvno, on the Countess and her son, Ian; more especially on the orphaned Vanda, whom the Countess has adopted, and the rivalry of Ian and his cousins Roman and Joseph for her love. Ian had grown up with Vanda and, not conscious of how deeply he loved her, had always put off the idea of marriage, with a placidly secure feeling at the back of his mind that when he decided to take a wife she was there and waiting for him. Vanda, loving him, had become resentfully aware of this quiet sense he had of proprietorship in her, and her self-respect is hurt and in secret revolt against it. When Roman and Joseph arrive at the castle almost simultaneously, bent on asking Vanda to choose between them, Ian wakens suddenly to a knowledge of his love for her and of his folly in delaying until the chance of winning her seems gone. She rejects the dissipated, charming Roman, to Ian's astonishment, and accepts the cool, selfish, commonplace Joseph; but within an hour of the marriage Joseph is abruptly and imperatively recalled to his regiment by the outbreak of the war.

Living in Prussian Poland, the two brothers are, under compulsion, officers in the German Army, but, hating the Kaiser's rule even more than the Czar's, Roman promptly deserts and volunteers in a Cossack troop. Joseph is too mindful of consequences to take such a risk, and fights under the banner of the Hun. It is not long before the thunders of war can be heard at Ruvno castle; not long before tragic multitudes of refugees are swarming past along the road; not long before a vast rabble of ill-armed, ill-fed Russian troopers are passing in disorderly retreat; then, after temporary reverses, the Russians rallying gallantly and checking and driving them back, the German forces begin to arrive, and their reign of terror asserts itself increasingly over the devastated countryside. Sanity is not farther from madness, health from the ravings of delirium than the quiet pictures of life in and around Ruvno, at the outset, are from the dreadful chaos into which the war dissolved them all. The castle itself goes up in flames at last, the Germans suspecting its occupants of signalling to the Russians, and the Countess and Ian, Minne Burton, the English girl who was staying with them, Vanda, and the quaint old priest, Father Constantine, narrowly escaping with their lives, are fugitives, stumbling and toiling across the dark fields and along the high road, hoping to reach Warsaw before the retreating Russians have left it and the trains for Petrograd stopped running. The incidents and hardships of that journey are detailed with a brilliantly imaginative descriptive power. The old priest drops exhausted and dies by the way. The rest stagger into a small town where the Russian Red Cross is toiling in haste and confusion to get the wounded away before the enemy is there, and after their appeals for help have been brusquely rebuffed by a bewildered, overworked staff, short already of all means of transport, they are fortunate in finding a friend and are enabled to travel, some packed into trucks with German prisoners, some in a crazy train that is crowded with wounded inside and on the roof. If I dwell on these things it is because they are made so real and alive that they haunt the memory as potently as if one had actually seen them.

Through such scenes of fighting and slaughter, of suffering and confusion, the love romance of Vanda is shaped by chance and circumstance to a happier conclusion than had seemed possible, for the war throws down the barrier that Ian's foolishness had raised betwixt her and himself; but he has learned the truth of Roman's saying that the essence of love is sacrifice, and for her sake and his country's sake, he cannot take the dishonourable way to happiness that is open to him and leave his compatriots to go on without him through the grim struggle that must end either in death or freedom. One hopes there may be a sequel to bring these scattered people together again—such of them as remain—and show us what manner of new world they are now building for themselves out of the ruins of the great war.

As it was first written, parts of the tale were told, from their various standpoints, by Ian, by the Countess, by Vanda and Minnie and the old priest; but Miss Baskerville was advised that it would be more effective to tell the whole story in the third person, and, feeling that the advice was sound, she wrote the book all over again, altering its title (which she now regrets doing) from " They Who Endured " to " Love and Sacrifice," and it was published last autumn by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett. Earlier last year she resumed work on a novel, " Little Tin Gods," which she had started to write at Rome in June, 1914, and laid aside when the war came. It is a story of Spalatia and its King and Queen. These two, whom she met in the Balkans some while ago, and their curious little Court are taken from life, but the rest of the tale and its characters are fantasy. She is now engaged on another novel that is still without a title—a romance of dramatic situations and a strong love interest that knows nothing of the war. These two books should be published during the present year, and " Baldwin's Kingdom " and " Love and Sacrifice " justify us in looking forward to their appearance with more than ordinary expectations.

H. H.

THE READER.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819-1891).

By R. Ellis Roberts.

I.

WHEN I was very young and very wise and conscious only of the second qualification I fell in with a group of young men who, like myself, made literature their chief interest. Confession is good for one's conceit: and I here confess that the most contemptuous word we young decadents could find was the word "healthy." "A terribly healthy book" was the final condemnation: the author passed hurriedly into an unread oblivion. It would be easy to blame us too much. The love of the morbid, the odd, the unusual, the exotic is often found in very healthy people: Tennyson and Jowett spent a whole night together, in their sober middle age, discussing notorious murders. It is only the invalids who insist on the robust in art. Yet I find it hard to forgive myself the misuse of that beautiful word health; only a boy in rude health, ignorant or careless of all its laws, could so misuse it. I was made aware of the misuse in this way. Talking about books to a friend I praised Lowell, whom I had loved and learned since I was in the early teens. My friend, who at the time was translating one of Mallarmé's more lucid poems, exclaimed reproachfully, "Lowell is terribly healthy, a more vigorous Tennyson." I upheld my belief in Lowell, and only gained a reputation for eccentricity. To-day, if I were asked to give Lowell's most characteristic quality, I think I should say in praise what was then said in blame, and laud him for his health. Health, as a distinct æsthetic quality is a peculiar mark of a great many authors who otherwise have few connecting links. Great authors and good authors are without it—for instance, I do not find it in Dickens, or Carlyle, or Milton, or Stevenson; it is obviously lacking in Richardson and Sterne, and Pope and George Moore. It is evidently present in Fielding, in Kingsley, in Whyte-Melville, in Browning and in Lowell. It is not a moral quality, and it is unusual to find it in the greatest men, such as Browning; for the great poets usually live and write on a plane which has transcended the particular sort of moral vigour that is to be found in lesser men. On the other hand, it is rare to find its opposite, the sin the theologians call *accidia*, in the great artists. A great artist may have an attack of it, but it will not be a permanent quality of his work, as it is of Poe's, of de Quincey's, or of Baudelaire's.

James Russell Lowell.

This quality of health has a cathartic virtue; the authors who possess it will brace their readers, will give something of that freshness and clearness which belongs to the North-East wind whom Kingsley sang. Lowell in particular, of all the nineteenth-century poets, has a power of emotional refreshment, of evolving a sound and glad mood, of recalling to the most jaded the inalienable claims of honesty and truth and fair-dealing, the beauty of truth and righteousness and human brotherhood. In some of his work this is perhaps a little too obvious. His popularity on the pulpit and the platform have been great, and there are still some quotations from him which are invaluable in perorations. It is easy to laugh at this. But Lowell's rhetoric is the true eloquence of a man naturally moved; and if it has been misused or overused that is no fault of his. The present age has, after a weary period of flat utterances by incredulous politicians, seen once more how great a task true eloquence can accomplish; and possibly the men who have listened to or read the speeches of Woodrow Wilson may turn with a fresh interest to the gallant poems and the sunny, well-balanced essays of James Russell Lowell.

II.

Lowell's work as a critic is in that old American tradition which always seems more English than the English. No one has caught the atmosphere of English country life as has Washington Irving; and no one has rendered the savour of old college libraries better than Lowell. He had a respect for and a knowledge of the English language which were rare in English essayists; it comes out again and again in his defence of Americanisms, and in his plea for the older and more sonorous pronunciation of such words as ocean and patience. No reader of the essays on Chaucer or Pope can fail to notice the breadth of Lowell's sympathy, and the extent of his knowledge. And his judgment is as sure as his knowledge. The essay on Pope remains one of the fairest criticisms on an author difficult for a man of Lowell's feelings and periods to appreciate at all. I do not know where you will find a better conclusion to the Pope controversy than his final sentences:

"He was the chief founder of an artificial style of writing, which in his hands was living and powerful, because he used

it to express artificial modes of thinking and an artificial state of society. Measured by any high standard of imagination, he will be found wanting; tried by any test of wit, he is unrivalled."

It is to the essay on Chaucer that I should send any one who wishes to test Lowell's highest capacity as a critic. With the exception of a rather dubious excursus on the Anglo-Saxon and his capacity for art, there is not a page in it which does not display insight, quick appreciation, shrewd sense and a generous enthusiasm for beauty and honesty. Honesty in an author was a sure passport to Lowell's heart; the lack of it made him immediately suspicious. When Carlyle took to praising Frederick, Lowell's sound sense revolted against the panegyric bestowed on a man "very far below any lofty standard of heroic greatness." In Chaucer he found and praised a simplicity, a downrightness, a naturalness which are rare in any literature, and especially rare in an art so consummate as Chaucer's; and I think Lowell was the first considerable critic to claim for Chaucer his high place as "one of the most purely original of poets, as much so in respect of the world that is about us as Dante in respect of that which is within us." And how good and just is this:

"The very form of the Canterbury Tales was imaginative. The garden of Boccaccio, the supper-party of Grazzini, and the voyage of Giraldi make a good enough thread for their stories, but exclude all such equals and friends, exclude consequently human nature in its wider meaning. But by choosing a pilgrimage, Chaucer puts us on a plane where all men are equal, with souls to be saved, and with another world in view that abolishes all distinctions. By this choice, and by making the Host of the Tabard always the central figure, he has happily united the two most familiar emblems of life—the short journey and the inn. We find more and more as we study him that he rises quietly from the conventional to the universal, and may fairly take his place with Homer in virtue of the breadth of his humanity."

III.

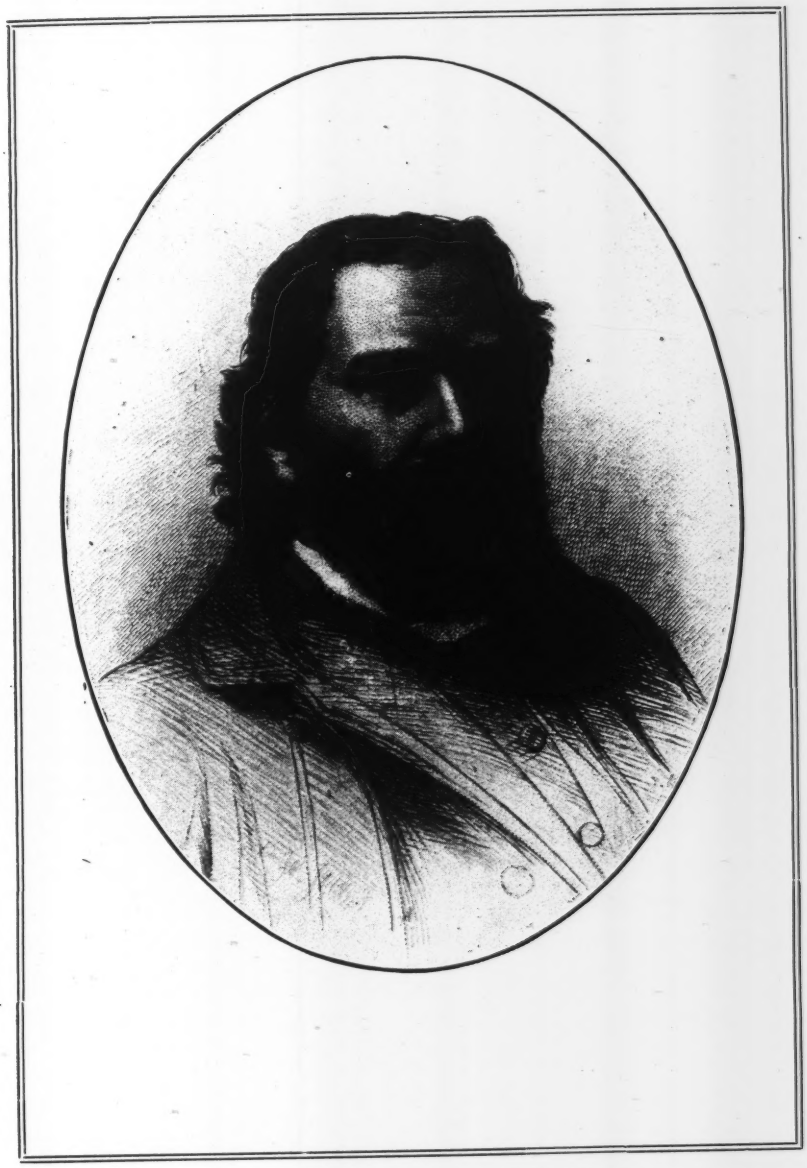
Good critic as Lowell is, it is his poetry which gives him his secure place in our affections. He wrote at a time when the world was full of the vision of poets; and in this country he has never, I think, quite had justice done to him. He has always had vehement admirers, men like Hughes and Ludlow, who strove to popularise his work, and succeeded in getting an audience for the "Biglow Papers" and a few of the narrative and lyrical poems. And he has always, I think, been loved beyond measure by those to whom his poetry came early with the breath of health and the promise of dawn upon it. He is without Longfellow's almost excessive mellifluousness; but his best verse has a vigour and a virility which no American poet save Whitman can approach. Such a poem as "The Parable" carries the charm of rhetorical verse, the peculiar direct appeal of eloquent statement as far as it can go. It is in the tradition of which Hood is the best exponent in England. Indeed, I think that in Hood we have the nearest parallel to Lowell. Hood had not Lowell's learning, and was more of a professional fun-maker; but each poet has a whimsical, friendly outlook on life; each has an ingenuity in verse-making which is at times an actual danger; and each suffered from the proximity of greater authors than himself. Just as Hood's verse stands in a position of tutelage to Keats's, so Lowell's debt to Wordsworth and Tennyson is obvious; yet in each case it is easy for the careless reader to overlook the power and beauty of the lesser poet's production. Indeed in Lowell's case it might be argued that it is rather that his verse, like that of his English contemporaries, derives from the great traditional sources of English poetry. Yet Lowell was not, in any sense, a derivative poet; he was not disciple to any man in the way, for instance, that O'Shaughnessy was disciple to Swinburne. His serious verse is not of the first rank, frequently not even of the second; but it is as definitely his own as is Kingsley's or John Davidson's. He is one of those poets for whom his predecessors' work has been not a model to imitate, but an inspiration as natural and as fecundatory as the glad things of nature and the deep things of life. He had, again resembling Hood, the lithe imagination which responds readily to the beauty which has already been expressed in art; an imagination in no wise unresponsive to the great things of the real world, but touched more quickly if those truths are presented to it in a form which already owes something to art. His one grave fault is a tendency which he himself mocks at in his "Fable for Critics" and in "The Origin of Didactic Poetry": I suppose the self-portrait in the Fable is still well known, but the criticism in The Origin may be less familiar. The poem describes Athene's desperate efforts to write verse, the boredom which ensues when she recites her poems on Olympus, and how she finally tore her manuscripts to pieces and flung them through "Olympus's back window." Then Lowell describes their fate:

"The verses? Some in ocean swilled,
Killed every fish that bit to 'em;
Some Galen caught, and, when distilled,
Found morphine the residuum;
But some that rotted on the earth
Sprang up again in copies,
And gave two strong narcotics birth,
Didactic verse and poppies."

Yet Lowell's own didactic verse can hardly claim to have soporific powers. It suffers at times from overemphasis, it rouses opposition by its vehement and boldly-stated preference; it is, in short, rhetoric rather than poetry—but what good rhetoric it is! The last verse of the stanzas to Freedom has been thumbed out of all freshness by every tub-thumping orator, used and misused in all sorts of strange causes, tied in doleful tatters to the cars of alien and unpleasant parties—but even now it rings true metal, and I am certain would gain a sure response in simple hearts:

"They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

A man is poor in imagination and thin in blood if he cannot realise how triumphant a defiance that stanza was, how clear a challenge, how proud a war-cry in the great struggle on whose outcome depended the very existence of the United States.



James Russell Lowell.

IV.

The poet's first function, some would say, was to cheer the warrior into battle; his second to console those left behind with generous praise of the fighting and the fallen. Rarely have poets in historical times fulfilled the first of these duties. There is nearly always something stiff and ceremonial about the occasional poems written during war. Here Lowell is the great exception. It can be seen how great an exception if we stop to think how English literature would have gained had we possessed a Lowell during our civil wars, or a Lowell during the great wars with Napoleon. The first Biglow Paper and the first poem were a violent attack, a scathing and unanswerable satire on the Mexican war. It started a series of poems which has no parallel in English literature. There are points, no doubt, in which the Lowell of the "Biglow Papers" touches the Burns of the "Jolly Beggars"; but the aims of the two poets are so different that the resemblance is scarcely more than superficial. By all the rules of chance the "Biglow Papers" should have been mere journalism; but Lowell's white-hot sincerity, his passion, his sense for freedom and righteousness have burned so into the poems that they remain still a flaming fire against all oppression and untruth and dishonesty. Is there any political platform in any country where the remarks of Increase D. O'Phace would not be still suitable? Increase is complaining that their member has voted the wrong way:

"Who ever'd ha' thought sech a poisonous rig
Would be run by a chap that wuz chose fer a Wig?
'We knowed wut his princerples wuz 'fore we sent him?'
Wut wuz there in them from the vote to pervent him?
A marciful Providence fashioned us holler
O' purpose that we might our princerples swaller;

* * * * *

Ain't princerple precious? then, who's going to use it
Wen there's resk o' some chap's gittin' up to abuse it?
I can't tell the way on 't, but nothin' is *so* sure
Ez that princerple kind o' gits spiled by exposure."

And I hope that some one at the Peace Conference will recite the Pious Editor's Creed. It would not be a bad thing if it were said every morning before the Conference opened. Anatole France might be trusted to give a very perfect French equivalent for some of those immortal stanzas:

"I du believe that I should give
Wat's his'n unto Caesar;
Fer it's by him I move and live
By him my bread and cheese air;
I du believe thet all o' me
Doth bear his superscription—
Life, conscience, honour, honesty,
An' things of thet description.

"I du believe in prayer and praise
To him thet hez the grantin'
O' jobs—in every thin' that pays,
But most of all in Cantin';
This doth my cup with mercies fill,
This lays all thought o' sin to rest—
I *don't* believe in princerple,
But oh, I *du* in interest."

Never have any political poems been so full of point, so biting and at the same time so generous. There are poems of Swift's which can compare with the Biglow poems for irony and bitterness and anger; but in Swift there is always a strange inhuman note, a kind of indifference which makes us move uneasily, as under the flail of a god, rather than from the buffets of a fellow-man. That is the most abiding thing in Lowell's best verse—the sense of human brotherhood, of comradeship, of equality. It is something which is the mark of a good deal of American, as of English literature; but Lowell does not make so much a display of it as Whitman, or some of Whitman's English disciples, and yet I feel it is with him a sincerer and more natural thing. His humanity and fellowship are like the fellowship of Dickens or of Lamb. He is one of the companionable authors who do not trouble greatly always to be at their best, but who give you what they can when they can. Considering rather your need than their capacity, they may not be the greatest artists, but they have the charm of good company, and that is a thing which is surely one of the most valuable and heartsome things in literature. Lowell is the kind of author who could make you put up with a coal shortage; there are many greater men of whom that could never be said.

ESSAYS IN ROMANTIC LITERATURE.*

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

EVERYBODY who has paid any attention whatever to the biographical side of History knows that, from time to time, men appear who, without being—or at least without always being—what have been called *stupores mundi*, objects of the world's wonder, have been its *deliciae* or darlings. They have held this position sometimes—as in the cases of Alcibiades and still more of Bolingbroke—without any great moral worthiness; sometimes, as in that of Sir Philip Sidney, with a good deal of this; but the difference has not much influenced their peculiar acceptableness to the narrower or wider circles with which they have come in contact. And the narrowness or width of these circles, though it may have affected the quantity of their fame, has not affected its quality.

To this class, in the estimation of almost all who knew him, the late George Wyndham belonged—in what exact measure and degree it is unnecessary to calculate. People who knew him early and well liked him long and better; people who only met him casually found him singularly agreeable; some even, who "began with a little aversion" for this or that reason, felt that aversion turned into liking after a fashion not wholly explicable. "He did not *do* much," said his detractors, proceeding sometimes to urge that, as a politician, he was a positive failure. His vocations and avocations were indeed so

* "Essays in Romantic Literature." By George Wyndham. Edited, with an Introduction by Charles Whibley. (Macmillan.)

numerous that some want of concentration upon any one of them was almost inevitable. Soldier, statesman, sportsman, man of letters, man of society—half a dozen other things; and to add to this, dying in rather early middle life, he had more chances than he could use except in the first condition (where the late war would probably have given him his best opportunity but one) and more proclivities than he could profit by. But this very many-sidedness contributed very largely to his unique attraction. He interested others so much because he himself had so many interests, and was so enthusiastic as regards them all.

The exception just made—the best opportunity *but one*—was intended to indicate the subject of the book before us. No competent reader can doubt, even if he had no previous knowledge of the matter, that if Mr. Wyndham had devoted himself, not exclusively—for that way lie pitfalls—but mainly to literature, he would have made a very considerable man of letters—that indeed there is stuff here which is actually very considerable in value, though none of it received his final revision for presentation in book form. But its interest is increased by the fact that such presentation was definitely contemplated, that the contents consist of the completed part of the author's own plan, and are not, as those of such books too often are, merely "sharked together." Mr. Whibley, of course, though in his admirable introduction he has given much illuminative comment on book and author, has not attempted the revision which, in two cases especially, Mr. Wyndham expressly contemplated; but the fact of the contemplation is distinctly valuable. As the book stands, it consists of a Rectorial Address in 1910 to the students of the University of Edinburgh on "The Springs of Romance in the Literature of Europe"; of three Introductions to books, "Selections from Ronsard and the Pleiad," "North's Plutarch" and "The Poems of Shakespeare"; of two shorter essays, "The Poetry of the Prison" and "Elizabethan Adventure in Elizabethan Literature"; and of another Address—a Presidential one—to the Edinburgh Sir Walter Scott Club, delivered in 1907. All these were intended by their author to constitute a book on Romantic Literature; and it must be a very ignorant person or an inveterate carper who denies, even in the case of Plutarch, that they properly and rightly do so, or asserts that the author has failed in his treatment of them.

The two pieces which he thought "must be cut down" were naturally the two longest, the "Plutarch" and the "Shakespeare"; but some readers will agree with him unequally on this point. The present reviewer certainly would not lose a page of the "Plutarch"; on the contrary he wishes that it had been in Mr. Wyndham's way (as for more reasons than one it was not) to add a good deal on the lights we get from the interesting and puzzling collection called the "Moralia." In regard to the Shakespeare essay it is different. This begins with an amply justified complaint about the way in which commentators on the poems, and especially on the sonnets, have busied themselves with personal and other "riddles" instead of attending to "the impression of a work of art." One cries "hear! hear!" enthusiastically and, knowing Mr. Wyndham's susceptibility to such impressions, expects the result eagerly. It certainly comes; but alas! it is swaddled and smothered in discussions of the very same kind of "riddle"—the "Poetomachia" of Jonson and Marston and Dekker, in which there is no evidence that Shakespeare had any concern at all; the everlasting Mary Fitton—who surely is nearly as much "personal" and irrelevant as the "Mr. W. H." on whom our author refuses to dwell—and so on. "Cut and spare not" one would have said, here, if nowhere else. The theory of the Rectorial Address as to the connection of English Romance with the marriage of Henry II. and Eleanor of Guienne may not exactly hold water; but the speech was a striking contrast to the moral and other platitudes which some such addresses contain; while at the other end no one, Scot or Englishman, could have been more thoroughly in sympathy with Sir Walter than Mr. Wyndham. The two shorter essays above mentioned, and the longer one on Ronsard and his fellows, are delightful examples of critical *gusto* unmarred by the least touch of critical quarrelsomeness. And the Plutarch is really a triumph. It is as "live" as the "Lives" themselves; and is constantly lighted up with those literary and historical parallels and allusions which distinguish the real man of letters from the pedant. "Does one not," he says of the passage on the ill-omened sound of the Parthian kettledrums during the fatal march of Crassus, "recall the Aztec war-drums on the Noche Triste?" One wonders whether the familiar inquisitive reader wrote to Mr. Wyndham requesting him, politely or peremptorily, to explain the allusion, and to say whether *noche* is not a misprint for *noce*.

It was this constant transfusion of interest from literature into life, and *vice versa*, which showed Mr. Wyndham's gift for the former; and there is no doubt that if he had had longer time for extending his knowledge, or more such opportunity for concentrating himself on the subjects he did take up as he actually had in the case of the "Plutarch," we should have had many more essays, of value as great as or greater than that of the best here. For, as he had some rare qualifications for such work, so he was free from other, and unfortunately not so very rare, disqualifications. In particular he had absolutely nothing of that most unfortunate jealousy of fellow-students and lovers of his subjects which is so sadly common. He never committed the opposite, and even (in both senses) more vulgar, error of flattering clumsily. But he once said to a fellow-student of one of his subjects who was expressing pleasure at something he had written, "Why, *you* fished the murex up!"

To have this book, therefore, is a satisfaction unusual and permanent. But, having often in the abstract expressed proper condemnation of the practice of wishing for something else in a book besides that which is given, one may in the concrete dream of an interleaving of the volume. That interleaving should contain, besides and between the actual contents, certain other things. One might be that account of a Royal Procession, in which he himself was concerned pretty intimately, which has been already printed elsewhere. Another, a short history of his Egyptian experiences. A third, some sketch of a run with the hounds or a steeplechase. A fourth, one of those speeches in Parliament over which, as Mr. Whibley tells us, Hansard itself lost its matter-of-factness. And the present writer would like—in order to complete the half-dozen necessary to "interleave" the

seven essays here given—records of two after-dinner conversations, one of them taking place on the first occasion when he himself met Mr. Wyndham many years ago; and the other on the last, just after the heir of Clouds became its possessor. The first told how, in one of the most famous of English country houses, the host, to please a guest's fancy, had up from the ancestral crypts bottle after bottle of famous and almost fabulous vintages—some undrinkable, but all curious; the other developed the plan of that new library at Clouds itself which he lived partly to realise but not thoroughly to enjoy. Then the casual reader might have some, though still an inadequate, idea of George Wyndham as he was "all round." And we do not think that Mr. Whibley would dislike this "extra-illustration" of his subject, or that the illustrations themselves would be discordant with the title. For the essence of Romance is that it takes in the whole of life.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH, 1919.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best original four-line epitaph on War Bread. (The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best welcome to Cricket in four lines of original verse.)

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

I.—The Prize of ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Phyllis Marks, of 172A, Alexandra Road, N.W.8, for the following:

DANSE MACABRE.

They bid us dance. Then come, my sisters, rise.
What though you have the vision in your eyes
Of those who lie with lips awry with pain,
And shattered limbs, who will not dance again?
What though the seal of bloody war is set
Upon our brows and breasts all redly wet?
For: "You are young," they say to us, "and youth
Is made for dancing." What allure it has—
A fox-trot, murry-roll, three-step and jazz—
Oh, blinded eyes, that cannot see the truth!
Come, sisters, hearken ye to the endearments
The music lisps for us, and cast aside
Your ghastly cerements,
Those shrouds that hide,
Those clouds that do eclipse
Fair, rounded limbs, white breasts, and flying feet.
Drop honeyed laughter from once-pallid lips;
Dance on, my sisters, dancing is most sweet.

And some there are who, smiling, look on us
Wrapt in our sparkling beauty, and they say:

Miss Winnifred Tasker,
whose new book, "Songs of Wales and Devon" (Erskine Macdonald), is reviewed in this Number.

" Embodiments of golden youth are they,"
And cannot tear their spell-bound gaze away.
Poor fools, blind fools! A throng of prostitutes
In garish dance were less lascivious.
    Were you to see
    The graves gape wide asunder,
    Cracking with noise of thunder
    The marble monuments, and thenceforth rise
Strange things with cavernous emptiness for eyes,
And wormy horrors in a ropy mesh
Where there should be round limbs and veined flesh,
Dance, as we dance, a light and am'rous round,
    With many a cracking, creaking sound,
So lewd a sight were you to see,
    Your brain would reel and spin.
    Turn you your eyes within
On us—even such, even such as these are we.

    For naught to us is left
But the outward semblance of our youth,
    Mocking the mirror, Truth.
    Of all are we bereft,
And ye will see, whose sight is keen,
Death dwelleth in our breasts unseen
With our rose-crowns is crowned
With our gold girdles bound.
Dance then, my sisters, know at every breath
Youth is profaned—in his guise dances Death.

Dance on, dance on, a wild, unmeasured dance,
Until our beauty fadeth and is gone,
And all the sunny sparkle of our glance
Has flickered out; until our foamy hair
Hangs slack, and our white breasts are nothing more
Than yellowing, corrupted, sagging skin,
And outward are we what we were within.
    * * * * *
And from the bloody, furrowed fields of France
We seem to hear dead, twisted lips again
Utter a thin, uncadenced sound of pain.
I hear you, sweet—Oh, Christ, what joy to dance! . . .

PHYLLIS MARKS.

We also select for printing:

SPRING—AFTER WAR.

Cometh once more to the earth, war ridden,
Smiling and sweet, the Spring, unbidden
Seeking a feast of hope, new spread,
And wine of joy, as her young lips, red,
The board is spread and the host is here—
Love hath a table, not a bier.

The gracious folds of her cooling dress
Lightly the grave-sown world caress,
Silent and shy, unmet, she stands,
Grief's rosary hangs in her empty hands—
" Look up, look up, do ye still forget?
Further than Calvary—Olivet."

(Ivan Adair, 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin.)

" While one only remembers, and all the rest forget."
—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

God lent an angel to the earth awhile:
But no one saw how heaven was in her smile,
Or pondered the perfection of her look,
Which from His throne its quiet radiance took;
Or touched the vastness of her heart and mind.
God lent an angel . . . and their eyes were blind!
Her feet found ready, they were promptly sent
On countless errands, and unmurmuring went;
She sweetly did what others sought to shirk;
They found her willing, and . . . they made her work.
And slowly, surely, youth died from her eyes.
Like cloud-wisps strayed among the black night skies,
Grey streaked the hair above her patient face:
Last, God had pity on her wearied grace.
And, all's forgotten! All her stolen youth,
Her brave, tired fingers—all, in very truth!
Or, if some thought of her strays through their mind,
It is but slightly, stumblingly to find
The work of others something lacks, beside
The work she did. A pity that she died!
Forgotten! Yes, since never truly known!
But . . . she's found youth again before His throne,
And is so happy! Who could wish her back,
To stumble, ageing, on her old dull track?
    * * * * *
There's just one heart that, crushing longings vain,
Thanks God He took His angel home again!

(Margaret Brown, 17, High Street, Calne, Wilts.)

From the very large number of lyrics received, we select for special commendation those by Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), H. P. Kingston (Willenhall), Lorna Rutter-Leatham (Durham), J. D. I. Waugh (London, W.C.), Geoffrey Dearmer (York), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), Margaret O. Curle (London, S.W.), Sybil Knight (Dorset), A. M. Christie (London, N.W.), G. L. G. (London, W.), B. N. Saxelby (Manchester), Anne Richardson (Camberwell), E. (Highgate), Kathleen E. Douglas (Salisbury), Lieutenant Raymond Heywood (Adelphi), Julian Tenison (Sittingbourne), L. A. Russell (Liverpool), W. E. R. (Dollar), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), E. R. Faraday (Orleton), H. E. Holland (Wimbledon), "Erl" (Durham), R. Case (Eastbourne), Freda Baxter (Catford), E. A. Lawrence (Liverpool), J. A. B. (Highgate), Editha Jenkinson (Harrogate), F. H. Price (Birmingham), Olive Searle (Lincoln), Lieutenant R. P. Connell (Portslade), Beryl Carter (Bexhill), Harold Matthews (Worcester), D. M. D. (Lee), Cuthbert Ellison (Rochdale), Beatrice Skilton (Forest Gate), Vera L. Temple (Iron Bridge), George B. Butt (Mitcham), Captain A. R. Wiggins (Newcastle-on-Tyne), May Brownridge (Felixstowe), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Muriel Wiles (Brixham), Ada Strike (Worthing), A. E. W. (Torquay), Private R. F. Hopes (B.E.F., France), Tom Yarwood (Northwich), Geoffrey H. Wells (Cardiff), Emmeline Brook (Ilkley), Jessie Hare-Wakefield (Barnsley), Violet Walker (Whitehaven), J. N. MacIver (Armfield Plain), Reginald Gray (Darlington), Edith A. Proctor (Manchester), Lieutenant E. L. H. Jansz (Colombo), Laurence Tarr (B.E.F., France), Mary C. Mair (Bristol), Jeanie G. Featherstonhaugh (Dublin), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), G. M. Macalister (Edinburgh), M. Lovett (New Milton), Percival Hale Coke (Harrogate), Philip G. Chadwick (Dewsbury), Ruth Underwood (Ealing), A. F. Trotter (London, S.W.), W. Curran Reedy (Forest Gate), Netta Pollok (Glasgow), A. D. Harris (Liverpool), Averil M. Richardson (Guisborough).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Basil D. Nicholson, of Ivy Cottage, Broadwater, Worthing, for the following:

THE ART OF KEEPING WELL.
BY DR. RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

" Be always first man at a feast and last man at a fray."
GEORGE WALTER THORNBURY, *The Jester's Sermon.*

We also select for printing:

THE FLAPPER'S MOTHER. BY MADGE MEARS. (John Lane.)

" I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay,
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away."

THOMAS TICKELL, *Colin and Lucy.*

(Miss G. M. Newton, c/o Mrs. Knott, 69A, Adelaide Road, Brockley, S.E.)

Photo by Sarony. **Miss Edith Sitwell.**

Editor and one of the contributors to "Wheels" (Blackwell), which will be reviewed in next month's BOOKMAN.

THE PASSING OF THE GREAT RACE.
BY MADISON GRANT. (Bell.)

"I've lost the last glimpse of the grey mare's tail."
T. HOOD, *Equestrian Courtship.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 33, Hartfield Road, Eastbourne.)

THE GREAT HUNGER. BY JOHAN BOJER.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Went on cutting bread and butter."
W. M. THACKERAY, *Sorrows of Werther.*

(Miss Blackett, 9, Florence Terrace, Falmouth.)

LOVE AND A COTTAGE. BY KEBLE HOWARD.
(Simpkin, Marshall.)

"It's telling on young William, who's reduced to skin and bone."
W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads.*

(Sidney S. Wright, 12, Swanley Lane, Swanley, Kent.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best eight lines of original verse on Sir Douglas Haig, is awarded to Captain R. Charles, Ashville, Ballymena, Ireland, for the following:

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.

Amid the many voices in his praise
Cry loudly those who in unhappier days
When long the journey seemed, the path beset
With perils, could their manhood so forget
As to blame him for what their coward hearts
Feared might befall. Hot throated fame departs;
This shall remain, nor time its glory dim,
The soldiers' tribute: "We had faith in him."

We select for special commendation the six tributes by H. W. Mottram (London, W.), S. M. Isaacson (Campden Hill), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), William Sutherland (Sunderland), Margaret L. Peck (Bournemouth), I. May (Barnes).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to B. N. Saxelby, of Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, for the following:

THE NAVY ETERNAL. BY "BARTIMEUS."
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

The modesty of our naval men causes the continuous heroism of their service to be slightly overlooked. "Bartimeus" supplies a need, and supplies it well. His sketches are not fiction, they are the far more miraculous truth. Some are accounts, from within, of the great encounters: others, descriptions of the less well-known, but equally heroic, daily "carrying on" in all branches of the service, under, on, and over the sea. But the author's vivid pen shows us something better than heroes, to be admired only. It shows us Men, to be emulated, and raises the standard of the race.

We also select for printing:

MARTIN SCHÜLER. BY ROMER WILSON.
(Methuen.)

This remarkable book, which follows the young musician from his first brilliant moment of vision, through years of animal contentment with the second-best, to the final inspiration of the Black Forest, shows real psychological insight and an unusual power of characterisation. There is true art in the trivial incident which breaks down Schüler's self-absorption, driving him at last to his ideal—in the selflessness of Hella, the inconsequence of Sophie, and the strange devotion of Wolf. The powerful restraint with which the performance in the Opera House is described, confirms our impression of a writer at once forceful and dignified.

(Vera R. Nation, 4, South Street, Louth, Lincs.)

THE SECRET CITY. BY HUGH WALPOLE.
(Macmillan.)

Semyonov dominates this book as he dominated "The Dark Forest." Cynical, haunted, despairing, seeking death, but afraid to kill himself. Semyonov is a big thing, ominous, and out of nature for us of a distilled civilisation, but natural within the Secret City. The fears, the loneliness and agonies of that place are such as the doomed city on the Neva endured and yet endures. The author firmly believes that Russia will rise again. It is a fine book and a masterly piece of work seeming like the work of a Russian to one who knows Russia only through her writers.

(M. A. Newman, 71, Freshfield Road, Brighton.)

We select for special commendation the twelve reviews by Sergeant V. E. Hamson (Palmer's Green), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Isabelle Griffin (Wolverhampton), H. W. Mottram (London, W.), Irene Lalonde (Bath), Gladys E. Pearsall (Bombay), Joan Billson (London, W.C.), Helen M. Jordan (Cheltenham), Charles Gent (Belfast), Jack J. Southall (Staines), Fredk. Willmer (Ramsey), Lieutenant M. B. K. Hemphrey (Tabora, East Africa).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to R. A. Finn, The Sundial, Surbiton.

XUM

BURNS AT ABBOTSFORD.

By JOHN MUIR.

RECENT editors of Burns have had so much to tell their readers about the out-of-the-way sources whence they drew their new materials, that one is sometimes tempted to ask whether all the known sources of information regarding the poet have been thoroughly examined and completely utilised. In more than one public institution known to the writer there are unpublished letters and poems of Burns which lovers of the poet would be pleased to see in print; and the whole of British, but more especially the whole of Scottish, Chapbook Literature has yet to be carefully and exhaustively examined and utilised in the light of present-day scholarship. A very agreeable surprise is in store for the man who first bursts into that silent sea—who first goes through the Burnsian Chaps—that is, chapbooks containing verse and prose concerning Burns. As a result of such an examination as is here desiderated, more than one poem, hitherto considered to be pure Burns, will be found, in whole or in part, in one or other of those little books of Excellent Songs which used to be hawked about in their packs, as part and parcel of their "braw troggan," by the John Cheaps, the "chapmen billies" of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

The Burnsiana preserved at Abbotsford has never been utilised—it has never even been examined by editors of Burns. Even the information—meagre enough, no doubt, but unobtrusively suggestive—given in the Catalogue of the Library at Abbotsford presented to the Bannatyne Club by Major Sir Walter Scott (second and last baronet) has not yet been used. A careful editor would of course wish to examine the books and manuscripts for himself, apart from the anonymous cataloguer's descriptions of the items listed; although these appear to be accurately recorded, so far as one can test them by corresponding entries in the various Burns bibliographies.

So far as the Abbotsford Library Burnsiana is concerned, the editors of Burns never get beyond the undoubted fact that the copy of "Tam O'Shanter," in the poet's own hand, which Burns sent to Robert Ainslie (of which, however, there is no record in the poet's correspondence as published), was gifted by Ainslie to Sir Walter Scott. Ainslie has noted on the margin of the manuscript that when the poet read the poem to him (at Ellisland, October 15th, 1790, as we learn from a letter of Ainslie's) he added two lines, which are not in the Abbotsford nor in any one of the six manuscript copies of "Tam O'Shanter" which are known to be in existence; and the question naturally suggests itself, where is that manuscript now? The lines in question are these:

> "The crickets joined the chirping cry,
> The kittlin chased her tail for joy."

Sir Walter suggested that Burns may have deleted those lines on recollecting how closely they imitated a stanza in Goldsmith's well-known ballad:

> "Around, in sympathetic mirth,
> Its tricks the kitten tries;
> The cricket chirrups on the hearth,
> The crackling faggot flies."

Even if Sir Walter's suggestion be correct, it is difficult to accept it as a reason for Burns's fastidiousness in this instance, in face of the many appropriations, imitations, and echoes of other poets with which even his best poetry abounds; for Burns, although with different ends in view, and, of course, by vastly different methods, succeeded in embedding much of his verse in as fine a layer of mosaic as even the "elegantly melting" Gray himself had done.

The Abbotsford manuscript is thus prefaced:

> "Alloway Kirk, the scene of the following poem, is an old ruin in Ayrshire, hard by the road from Ayr to Maybole, on the banks of the river Doon, and very near the old bridge of that name. A drawing of this ruin, accompanied perhaps with 'Tam O'Shanter,' will make its appearance in Grose's 'Antiquities of Scotland.'"

The poem appeared originally in the second volume of Grose's work, April, 1791; the first volume having appeared in 1789. There is not the least doubt on that point notwithstanding the assertions and reassertions to the contrary of the Centenary editors and others, who do not seem to know that Grose's "Antiquities of Scotland," like his corresponding work on England, was originally issued to subscribers in parts. The number containing the drawing referred to by Burns—Aloa Church, Air Shire—is dated May 1st, 1790. The text, including "Tam O'Shanter," which Grose describes as "a pretty tale, by Mr. Robert Burns," followed later, but at a date anterior to the March, 1791, issue of the *Edinburgh Magazine*, and of the *Edinburgh Herald*, March 18th, 1791, in which periodicals, it is erroneously stated, by the editors and others referred to, that the poem originally appeared and prior to its publication in Grose's work.

In the first (page 13) of the four volumes of the "Interleaved Museum" which are now, like the manuscripts from Clenriddell's collections, associated with the name of Mr. John Gribbel, Philadelphia, Burns, according to Cromek, wrote the following note on which a hitherto unknown manuscript at Abbotsford throws some much needed light:

> "This charming song is much older, and indeed superior to Ramsay's verses, 'The Toast,' as he calls them. There is another set of words, much older still, and which I take to be the original one, but, though it has a very great deal of merit, it is not quite ladies' reading.
>
> "[The original words, for they can scarcely be called verses, seem to be as follows; a song familiar from the cradle to every Scottish ear:
>
> "'Saw ye my Maggie,' etc.
>
> Though it by no means follows that the silliest verses to an air must, for that reason, be the original song; yet I take this ballad, of which I have quoted part, to be the old verses. The two songs in Ramsay, one of them evidently his own, are never to be met with in the fireside circle of our peasantry; while that which I take to be the old song, is in every shepherd's mouth. Ramsay, I suppose, had thought the old verses unworthy of a place in his collection]."

That is the note as it is printed in editions of Burns from 1808 down to date; but only the first paragraph was written by the poet. The second paragraph, here put within square brackets, is an unpleasant reminder of Cromek's and Cunningham's (honest Allan's) fabrications; for the second paragraph does not exist in the manuscript from which Cromek said he copied it, nor in any other manuscript written by Burns; and there's an end on't, as Dr. Johnson was wont to say.

The songs thus honestly commented upon by Burns, and dishonestly commented upon by Cromek, are two lyrics in Johnson's "Scots Musical Museum" (1787, Vol. I., No. II.), which are fitted to the same air; one, anonymous:

"Saw ye nae my Peggy:"

and the other Ramsay's "The Toast":

"Come let's hae mair wine in."

These songs are derivatives from an ancient ditty, now apparently lost, as Burns thought; but a variant of this last song, of which the above line is a part, has been preserved and has hitherto escaped notice. Neither Dr. Laing, nor Stenhouse, nor even Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, in their notes to the "Museum" (1853), ever suspected that the original representative song, in the holograph of Burns, was carefully preserved at Abbotsford. The manuscript is bound along with a copy of "The Fornicator's Court"; an early undated chapbook, of which there have been many issues. Sir Walter, in placing "Saw ye my Maggie" between the same covers with "The Court," would seem to imply that he considered both pieces as equally fescennine. They are—"The Court" moderately and "Maggie" slightly—fescenninean: they write themselves as belonging to that class of literature which the authors of the "Decameron" and of the "Heptameron" cultivated so assiduously.

N.P.G

Sir Walter Scott.

From the painting by Landseer.

The fescennine is not an elevated or elevating branch of literary art; but, as exhibited in, say, Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques," it is capable of great artistic treatment; so much so, indeed, that Mr. Henley, one of the Centenary editors—quite needlessly, however, as even he had afterwards to admit—regretted that Burns had not read La Fontaine's "Contes"; whereas the poet had not only read, at least twice over, "Les Contes de Fontaine," as he styles them, but had also read many another merry book in English and in French, the only languages, he tells us, that he knew, other than his native vernacular, in which he found Cloaciniads and Chrohallanisms galore.

Sir Walter, as a student of human nature, and as a collector of popular poetry, and without, as all men know, the least tinge of pruriency or concupiscence, preserved both "The Court" and "Maggie," as we should have expected him to do; for was he not the first person to raise his voice against the exclusion from the works of Burns of that superb specimen of Pantagruelism, "The Jolly Beggars," which the not too scrupulous Currie, and the entirely unscrupulous Cromek, refused to touch on any terms whatsoever? All honour to Sir Walter, who not only taught but who practised the precept that to the pure all things are pure. Sir Walter's attitude to the fescennine in literature was precisely that of Dr. John Brown, author of the immortal Rab, to those plain spoken letters by John Locke which are known to be in private circulation.

The Abbotsford version of "Saw ye my Maggie" might easily be published. Its publication would help to fill up one of the numerous gaps in our lyrical records, which are provokingly imperfect. Its publication would also add another production to the number of Burns's writings—or rather, to the number of those compositions, plainly traditional in origin and popular in character, which cannot be traced beyond Burns; who is, so far as literary history is concerned, to all intents and purposes the author of them. In some cases he admits paternity; in other cases he fathers his own or the gets of others on nameless bards, or on bardlings like John McCreddie, who cannot be traced; or on poetasters like Mrs. Scot of Dumbartonshire, who demonstrably comes under the sweeping declaration of Mrs. Betsy Prig to Mrs. Sairey Gamp, relative to Mrs. Harris: "I don't believe there's no sich a person."

Among the large number of Burnsiana preserved at Abbotsford—large, that is, for a collection formed so early, and before the rise of the Burns cult—only one other of the items can be noted here. Perhaps the most interesting, as it is certainly the most valuable, is a copy of the Kilmarnock or first edition of Burns; to which Sir Walter, most careful and methodical of the sons of bookmen, has added a number of illustrations and cuttings from newspapers and magazines containing pieces ascribed to Burns. These fugitive pieces, if properly sorted out, would be found to contain some rather curious readings, not to speak of misreadings, and to furnish a surprise, and a solution of at least one Burnsian crux.

As the history and present ownership of all the other accredited copies of the Kilmarnock volume are well known, it would be interesting to learn from whom Sir Walter got his copy. "Little Mrs. Riddell," as he called her, whom Burns so ungallantly lampooned, and

XUM

whose husband he so unmercifully epitaphed, corresponded with Sir Walter in her post-Burnsian days; but there is no trace in the correspondence of either poet of her ever having had a copy of the 1786 edition; although Burns gallantly presented her with a copy of the 1793 edition, on the fly-leaf of which he wrote one of those affected half English and half French inscriptions which are an eyesore to many of his admirers.

New Books.

POETRY AND VERSE.

I am old enough to remember the coming of "Michael Field" and how "Callirhöe" and "Fair Rosamond" fluttered the nest of young poets in Dublin of those days. W. B. Yeats was the leader in our enthusiasm. We were all convinced that a new tragic poet had arisen, a fixed star of some magnitude. Well, for some inexplicable reason, "Michael Field" never came to her own, or to their own; for it is well known that two ladies collaborated as "Michael Field" and the two were aunt and niece. Perhaps after all this impassioned and eloquent poetry is for the future. It is well-advised of the Poetry Book-Shop to publish these three plays.[1] When the fashion swings round again to poetic drama in England (it is always in fashion in Ireland) these three plays should be heard of. Michael Field has something of the less well-known—not by any means the lesser—Elizabethan dramatists; something also of Swinburne when he wrote "Chastelard" and "Fair Rosamond"; or, perhaps both Swinburne and Michael Field drank at the same fount. This dramatic poetry aims at great things; perhaps it has too much tragic intensity for the modern stage and the modern reader; but if it were less beautiful poetry than it is one would still remember that:

> "He who aims a star
> Shoots higher far than he who aims a tree."

In "The Lost Leader"[2] we find Mr. Lennox Robinson, one of the playwrights of the Abbey Theatre, at his most modern and most audacious. He treats an heroic theme as a matter of everyday commonplace life, and of course there is no bad art in that. In Lucius Lenihan, a queer rambling old man, who passes as elder brother to an innkeeper at a famous fishing village in the West of Ireland, there is supposed to hide Charles Stewart Parnell, who has become legendary with the Irish like their great kings and chiefs of old. The Irish peasants used to say: "Sure no one ever saw him dead!" and like those tranced great knights who sleep in a cave of Errigal, one of whom rose up when a peasant stumbled on their resting-place with, "Is it time?" and went back to stone when no answer was given—he was fondly looked for, many a year, by simple hearts in Ireland. Charles Stewart Parnell, coming back in Ireland's dark hour, when the Irish are sheep without a shepherd, but old and weary, his lips struck dumb before the oracle can speak, is a fine and daring dramatic conception. Perhaps the end of the play, in which one is left in doubt as to whether Lucius Lenihan was really Parnell, is one of the finest things in it. These young men, the playwright and Mr. Fred O'Donovan, who played Lucius Lenihan at the Abbey Theatre, suffer because Parnell is for them too old to be a memory without yet being a tradition. An old Parnellite sitting out the first night of the play with fascinated interest asked:

> "Is this the Jew
> That Shakespeare drew?"

No, Lucius Lenihan was not Parnell, but that, I think, was due to the actor rather than the playwright.

"Later Verses"[3] is a pleasing little book of facile verse over which one rather rubs one's eyes in these days of sharp poignant contrasts. It makes quite a picture of the life of the public schoolboy grown to a cultivated country gentleman, such verse as would be praised by the *Spectator* and *The Times Literary Supplement*, and by reviewers who had enjoyed the same placid delights and happy adventures as Mr. Cochrane. It has charm and accomplishment, but light verse is out of date. Its achievement is that it makes one realise how delightful were many aspects of gentle life in an England that is past or passing.

Captain Hopwood had the good fortune to write a ballad of Drake and Nelson which is for the anthologist, but nothing in "The Secret of the Ships,"[4] good as it is, comes up to that swinging ballad, "The Old Way." All the same it is fine honest dignified balladry, with a taste of the salt sea on the lips of the singer. A variation of the metre and the absence of the prose explanation to each poem might take away from that feeling of deliberation which the ballads have for one reader who, finding them so good, yet is not stirred and quickened as she ought to be. There is a monotony in the rendering. One would like to have "The Galleon" alone for the thrill. When you get several in the same manner, good as they are, you begin to ask for the something, the "*that*" which is the difference between honest achievement and genius. Yet "The Old Way" had *that*.

"Vibrations"[5] is unequal. The first poem has a real thought, the second has a beautiful manner and manages a difficult metre triumphantly well. Coming upon the book in a discouraged mood there is the sense of finding something which so rewards the reviewer:

> "February comes with her gay skirts a-flutter;
> Wet eyes a-dreaming, tender hopes a-stir;
> Loud though the following storm-wind mutter,
> Soft is the touch that he lays on her."

Only a poet could have written this poem, even if the thrill does not often come in the succeeding pages.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

SAINTE-BEUVE.*

This admirable volume of Selections from Sainte-Beuve, edited by Mr. Arthur Tilley, with a luminous Introduction and notes, should be of assistance to all young students of French literature, and not to them alone. Sainte-Beuve is read usually in packed and unenticing volumes, innumerable, daunting and severe. It is much to have some eight or nine picked monographs, by the greatest literary critic of the nineteenth century, brought to our door in so handy and pleasant a form. The essays selected by Mr. Tilley are chosen from the more mature work of their author, from his Literary Portraits, from the big book on Port-Royal, as well as from his famous Monday Causeries in the press. They deal mainly with the classics of France, Molière, La Fontaine, Montaigne; the only modern writer included being Taine.

In his Introduction Mr. Tilley rightly emphasises the fact that Sainte-Beuve's master note was a sympathetic curiosity, and that to this he owed the essential quality of a supreme critic—catholicity. His duty was not to

[1] "Deirdre." By Michael Field. 5s. (The Poetry Book-Shop.)
[2] "The Lost Leader." By Lennox Robinson. 4s. 6d. net. (Dublin: Kiersey.)
[3] "Later Verses." By Alfred Cochrane. 6s. net. (Longmans.)
[4] "The Secret of the Ships." By Captain R. A. Hopwood. 3s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)
[5] "Vibrations." By Muriel Elsie Graham. 2s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

* "Selections from Sainte-Beuve." Edited by Arthur Tilley. 6s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

sit in judgment, but to understand, and for this purpose he patiently collected every fact relating to the life of his subject, the society in which he moved, and the influence of his age. No pains were too great for him to take, for he was both a voracious reader and a veracious critic. Not only was Sainte-Beuve interested in books: he was also concerned with men and women and ideas. He had lived through many phases of taste, and had changed his opinions on religion and politics so many times as to know the strength and the weakness of any position at first hand. All this was to his great advantage as a critic, and being the possessor of an excellent style—a style sown with anecdote and strewn with allusion—he was admirably fitted for his life's work. Sainte-Beuve was the finest literary critic of the modern world. Possibly the day may come when criticism will remain the final and supreme art. When all the tales are told and every combination of notes exhausted, the effort to appreciate and to understand man's long and varied past will abide. Should that be so, Sainte-Beuve may well represent in the province of criticism (the phrase is of M. Anatole France) what St. Thomas Aquinas stands for in the region of theology.

As stated before, Mr. Tilley's volume of selections deals mainly with the classics. Sainte-Beuve, however, lived amongst great contemporaries, and criticised their books freely. Hugo, Gautier, Flaubert and Musset received faithful treatment at his hands. Was he not a doctor! It is comparatively easy to write monographs dealing with the famous dead. A consensus of opinion, a literary tradition, makes the path plain. The difficulty is to apply the canons of taste and judgment learned from the impeccable dead to the faulty living. Should the public require a companion volume of Selections from Sainte-Beuve—a consummation devoutly to be wished—may I suggest to the distinguished editor that it shall contain not only monographs on the older classic writers of France, but also reviews of the work of Sainte-Beuve's contemporaries who now occupy the same glorious position.

EUGENE MASON.

MIDAS AND SON.*

Though not apparently written in any satirical spirit, Mr. McKenna's "Midas and Son" is a mordant satire on the vanity of riches. The story is built up with great deliberation; every detail concerning it is minutely and revealingly touched in, so that by degrees you grow most intimately acquainted with its protagonists and with the past and present influences that have moulded their characters. Sir Aylmer Lancing, without any particular desire for wealth, has a curious instinct for making money; whatever he touches turns to gold. He is, by middle age, a multi-millionaire, in America, but, while he is overworking on a new and ambitious scheme, he is stricken with paralysis. When he struggles back from death's door his wife is dead and, broken and nearly helpless, he travels to England with his little son, Deryk, buys up a stately old English country house and settles down with no interest remaining in life but to see his son realise his ambitions for him and fill a great place in the world. But as Deryk grows older a stubborn conflict of wills keeps the two at cross-purposes. Deryk's ideas of the future he should set before himself are wholly at variance with his father's; he cares nothing for social or commercial successes; and has something of an artistic temperament. He resents having to account for whatever money he requires and, insisting in vain that he should have a regular allowance to spend as he chooses, breaks into revolt and, under favourable conditions, goes to London with a resolve to earn a living for himself at journalism.

But idealistically honourable as he is, Deryk is temperamentally unstable; he does not know his own mind. By his hesitations and erratic behaviour he drives Idinia, whom he loves and who loves him, to believe he is tired of her. In this belief and because circumstances have left her destitute, she marries a man she no more than likes; then, plunged in despair by this loss, Deryk is drawn into indiscretions that fret him afterwards with self-contempt. Later, when Idinia's husband dies, a brief rapture of reunion and revival of the old love is followed by a revulsion of feeling and Deryk realises that if he marries her there can be no happiness, for her ways irritate him and he soon wearies of her presence. Meanwhile, his father has been trying to win him back by yielding to all his wishes, but, in spite of the deep, undemonstrative affection between these two, Deryk has sullenly refused to be placated, and when, responding to a last urgent message, he hurries home, his father is dead before he arrives. Out of love for his son he had, just before the end, destroyed a trust deed and so left Deryk in uncontrolled possession of his vast fortune, but the very weight of this burden—for he cares nothing for wealth and is appalled by the responsibility of it—added to his shrinking from the marriage he cannot now in honour avoid, precipitates a tragedy that brings all his hopes and his father's anxious plans to mere futility. A very able and poignantly interesting book; the irony of it is the more effective for being wholly unemphasised but quietly implicit in the story itself.

* "Midas and Son." By Stephen McKenna. 8s. net. (Methuen.)

A HISTORY OF THE GUISES.*

There are two standard French histories of the House of Guise. That of René de Bouillé, in four volumes, is grave, learned, impartial yet sympathetic. Forneron's two volumes are light and lively, brimming with the gossip of the Valois court. If Forneron could pick up a piece of scandal from L'Estoile or Brantôme, he wrote it down without always troubling to inquire how near the contemporary tattler was to the scene described. Mr. Noel Williams, in his new work, "The Brood of False Lorraine," has modelled himself on Forneron. His book, which is not intended for the student, sets out with freshness and accuracy the main incidents in the rise and fall of the Guises, thus covering the long period of ninety years. Careful account is given of the chief military events in the life of the Duke Francis, especially his defence of Metz, his taking of Calais, and the siege of Rouen at the beginning of the Wars of Religion. Protestant and Roman Catholic historians do honour to this great captain. Mr. Williams rightly lays stress on his pioneer efforts towards the humanising of warfare. In an age of pillage he ordered his troops to pay for what they took from the peasantry. In his care for the wounded, alike of his own army and the enemy, he showed the Red Cross already moving forward on the battle-fields of Europe. Agrippa D'Aubigné's famous estimate of the Duke is not quite accurately rendered by Mr. Williams. The original words are: "Ainsi mourut ce grand capitaine . . . duquel le naturel se fust porté, non à la ruine, mais à l'estendue de la France, en une autre saison et sous un autre frère."†

Mr. Williams translates the closing words: "whose talents would have carried him, not to ruin, but to the rule of all France, in another season and under another brother."

Surely the passage ought to read: "whose natural disposition would have led him, not to the ruin, but to the extension of France, in other times and under a different brother."

The word "estendue" is noted in the edition of the French Historical Society as equivalent to "extension." D'Aubigné was not thinking of Guise's personal ambitions, but of the benefit France might have drawn in happier times from his genius and valour.

Hurried and misleading translations are to be found on other pages. Mr. Williams quotes the passage in which Forneron discusses Coligny's attitude towards the murder of the Duke of Guise.

* "The Brood of False Lorraine: the History of the Ducs de Guise (1496–1588)." By H. Noel Williams. With 24 Illustrations. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Hutchinson.)

† "Histoire Universelle." (Edition de la Société de l'Histoire de France.) Vol. II., pp. 143, 144.

"Sa faute," says the French historian, "fut de ne pas désavouer la joie immorale de son parti, et non d'avoir cherché le salut dans une trahison."

Mr. Williams translates the words: "His fault was not to have disavowed the immoral joy of his party, and not to have sought safety in a treason" (p. 300).

We prefer this: "His error lay in the failure to disavow the unprincipled joy of his party, not in having sought safety by a treacherous crime."

Mistakes of fact occur but seldom in these attractive volumes. Catherine de' Medici died in her seventieth, not her sixtieth year (p. 532). It is incorrect to state that the Cardinal of Lorraine accompanied the Duke of Guise to Joinville on their return from the conference at Saverne, and that he was present at the massacre of Vassy (p. 264). The Cardinal and the Duke separated on the return journey, the former proceeding to Reims, while the latter went to Joinville. It was the Cardinal Louis de Guise, a younger brother, who witnessed the scene at Vassy.

The most disappointing feature of Mr. Williams's book is the superficial estimate of the character and work of the Cardinal Charles of Lorraine. The second personage of the House of Guise is rarely mentioned except in language of invective. Here is a typical sentence: "This brother—the crafty, vindictive, cowardly and unscrupulous Cardinal of Lorraine—had been Guise's evil genius, drawing him into dangerous projects and useless cruelties, overriding his scruples and involving him in unworthy intrigues."

Beside this and many similar passages we may set Bishop Creighton's judgment: "He (the Cardinal of Lorraine) was justly popular with the people—a man of commanding presence, great affability, ready eloquence, unblemished moral character, unwearied zeal in discharging the duties of his archbishopric, and a high reputation for sanctity."

Mr. Williams, copying Forneron, has thought it worth while to quote the sneering passage of Pierre de L'Estoile on the Cardinal's last illness, without even indicating that first-hand evidence exists of a very different character. An impartial historian would have quoted the letter of Edmond Auger, the learned Jesuit who acted as the Cardinal's confessor during his last days at Avignon. It was written to a friend at Verdun, and is published in biographies of Auger. The letter had undoubtedly been seen, or the confessor had been interviewed by the contemporary biographer of the Duke and Cardinal, Nicholas Boucher, "preceptor of the princes of Lorraine." Boucher's account is followed by René de Bouillé, but the Jesuit's letter is not copied.

Auger tells his friend that the weary, disappointed statesman, though only in his fiftieth year, had expressed to him the wish to die. He closes his narrative of the fatal illness with the words: "That was the end of one of the greatest and most virtuous men of our time." According to his account, the Cardinal bore his sufferings, not only with resignation, but with exemplary piety. We shall not reach the truth about the Guises by greedily accepting the slanders of their enemies, while ignoring, as unworthy of credence, the testimony of their closest friends.

JANE T. STODDART.

SHADOWS OF PASSION.*

If Reality is the nourisher of Romance (as it is), we should soon be enjoying artistic triumphs as a consequence of the experiences and strenuous endurance of the last five years. It is possibly too early yet for the full, ripe fruit of such mighty tillage; and obviously the work of creative pens now being offered for criticism was written while turmoil and anxieties still were visiting us. Such is probably the reason why this brace of novels has less than the average quality of their authors' work. "David and Jonathan" is an excellent inspiration, a fine opportunity, missed. It provided occasion for romantic abandon, strong handling and rich colouring, with just such artistic treatment as Mr. Temple Thurston has delighted in. Mrs. Diver's overbuilt and yet truncated novel is a great deal less and worse than an opportunity missed. Her "Strange Roads" lead to—pedestrian commonplace.

Mr. Thurston takes his readers to the romantic bourne discovered for moderns by Daniel Defoe. As the title tells, David and Jonathan are friends of many years' standing. Their intimacy began with the customary school-fight, continued until both were approaching the sedate forties; and then was threatened and sundered because Joan, the compelling woman, wrecked from the same ship as spilt them on the African coast, drifted into their marooner's paradise to set loose basic passions and to make clamorous the age-long rivalry of animal mankind. When one woman and two men are all the people of a contained country it is pretty obvious that one of the men is too many. Which on this occasion was it to be? David, the idealist and dreamer; or Jonathan of the practical hands? So far as ordinary utility is concerned there can be no doubt; for dreams alone never yet knocked down the milky coco-nut. Yet, usefulness is rarely, if ever, the test where the heart of woman is concerned; and unquestionably David with his sympathy and thoughtfulness might have won, beating helpful and practical Jonathan, when in the way of idealists he gave his rival an extraordinary opportunity. As to that which followed thereupon we say nothing further; for the plot, as they call it, is but a part of the appeal of this story. Civilised man, restored to the primitive—his conventions put to the primal test—in a virgin world is a theme meriting bold treatment. It is Crusoe's existence, but with leopards raging in the background, and hatred, the converse of love, released. Mr. Thurston has strangely restrained the passion and bold contrasting colours of the occasion. This might have been a great romance driven with the urge of tragedy. Instead, it is a placid tale, with the "flats" obviously joined; a halting story that lacks conviction.

Yet is it better than Mrs. Diver's book, for she offers her public merely a half-tale broken abruptly. Paper scarcity and control she pleads on her three hundred and eighty-fourth page have compelled this incompleteness; but the excuse is insufficient. Her narrative might easily have been compressed and the characters better finished. A smaller canvas could easily and with benefit have been used. As it is, people like the Schonbergs are introduced within the earlier pages and promise developments to come; and then—they disappear. All they stand for is the uncertain prospect of a 1919 book. The novel is marred further by views of politics that never quite were—Radicalism or Toryism as explained by one of the other side may be a very strange bird!—and by a most shadowy group of characters. Persons, such as Ina and her barrister-betrothed, flit across the scene, the reflections of ghosts. It is unsatisfactory and a pity, for Mrs. Diver has a literary record that is worth preserving. Her hero, Derek Blount, shares this condition of inadequacy. He is meant to be an attractive rebel against the conventions of his well-established family, and is easily forgiven by the author for becoming a wanderer in a Norfolk jacket and old hat, a woodman who yearns to spare the trees, and the self-sacrificing husband of a girl who has loved imprudently. He declines an offer of political usefulness to go into the lumberman's world, and is about to answer Britain's call for men in the great world war when the inconclusive ending comes, Mrs. Diver managing with some thrusting to kill Lois, his inconvenient wife, just in time.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

* "David and Jonathan." By F. Temple Thurston. 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson.)—"Strange Roads." By Maud Diver. 6s. net. (Constable.)

F VE BOOKS ABOUT RUSSIA.

The Russian Revolution and the Bolshevik Terror which has followed it have revived the flow of books in this country about Russia. Here are five of the most diverse character. Miss Buchanan[1] describes her impressions of

[1] "Petrograd, 1914–1918." By Meriel Buchanan. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

"I'D LIKE TO TAKE UP PELMANISM, BUT—"

SOME DOUBTS DISPELLED.

The very prominence which Pelmanism has attained during recent years forms the basis of a doubt which exists in the minds of many people. A business girl said to me only the other day, "I'd like to take up Pelmanism, but it's so much advertised that I wonder whether there is not a certain amount of quackery about it."

The association of extensive advertising with quackery is a relic of long years ago, but it is strange how it persists. I was rather surprised, nevertheless, to hear this business woman express the doubt, for she is a marked success in her sphere of work, with a keen, analytical mind.

Inquiry revealed the fact that she had read only one or two of the Pelman announcements closely, though she had glanced in a half-interested way at scores of them. I then divulged that I was a Pelmanist, and immediately a regular machine-gun fire of questions was opened upon me. Was there anything in Pelmanism? Was it free from quackery?

IS THE CASE OVERSTATED?

Did not the advertisements overstate the case? Wasn't the most made of the successes attained by a few students, while the many secured no benefit worth speaking of? To all of which I replied by two further questions: Was it conceivable that over 400,000 people would voluntarily adopt Pelmanism, unless they were convinced that they would gain in some way from the study? Would so many of the leaders of thought, including prominent educationalists, influential business men, and well-known authors and editors, publicly state their unbounded faith and belief in Pelmanism if it were not capable of withstanding the most searching investigation?

TREBLED MY INCOME.

These broadsides took instant effect, and I followed up my advantage by mentioning some of the results Pelmanism had achieved in my own case: vast improvement in memory; keener perceptions; realisation of dormant possibilities; consciousness of greater power; appreciation of the beauties of poetry; easier concentration. I reserved for my final shots the two most practical outcomes of my Pelmanistic studies.

The first of these had a telling effect, for this would-be Pelmanist was full of ambitious plans in business. I told her that during the past two years my earnings had more than trebled, in spite of many difficulties and setbacks, and that to Pelmanism was due the major part of the credit for this financial improvement. The other result was the consummation of an ambitious plan which I had often contemplated—but which, until I had become a Pelmanist, I honestly believed to be something unattainable.

This conversation suggested to me that others are probably deterred from taking up Pelmanism by a variety of "buts," each of which could be disposed of in a minute or two if only it were possible to meet the doubters face to face.

For instance, at various times friends of mine have said: "But I'm not enough of a student to tackle Pelmanism. I could never sit and pore over books and lessons, even if I could find the time." Here we have a dual objection: (1) Pelmanism is thought to be hard to study; and (2) no time can be found for it. Let us deal with the second part of this objection first.

The Pelman Course requires from thirty to sixty minutes daily for a period of about three or four months. Many of the exercises can be practised at odd moments—when walking through the streets, while waiting in a friend's office or home, during train or bus rides, and so on. Other parts of the study can be done at home or at the office without seriously encroaching on one's time for other matters. The main fact to be borne in mind is that all of us can find or make time to do those things which really interest us. And Pelmanism is one of those things. Which brings me to the first part of the objection we are rebutting. Pelmanism is as unlike ordinary formal studies as anything can well be.

The very first lesson reveals the fascination of Pelmanism, and this fascination becomes intensified with each succeeding "little grey book." Of course, you cannot get the most out of Pelmanism unless you are prepared to follow the training closely. But any Pelmanist will tell you that there is no difficulty in doing this. Pelmanism itself provides whatever incentive may be needed by those who by nature are disinclined to apply themselves to study. Thus we can dismiss the plea of personal inaptitude for study.

BRAIN POWER.

A frequent contention of the anti-Pelmanists (for there are people who, without knowing what Pelmanism is, are opposed to it) is that it is impossible to make brains grow where none exist. By which they apparently mean that Pelmanism will not make wise men of dullards. Let me say that, so far as I know, The Pelman Institute has never claimed to be able to perform miracles, though tens of thousands of its members would unhesitatingly declare it has done so in their cases. An ordinary school education is the only foundation necessary to enable any man or woman to become a successful Pelmanist.

In fact, it might be said with a great deal of truth that Pelmanism can be of far more benefit to those of comparatively few scholastic attainments than to those who have been endowed with a more liberal education. To be deterred from taking up Pelmanism because it is thought that only "brainy" people can make profitable use of it is to allow oneself to be influenced by an inaccurate or incomplete idea of what Pelmanism is and does.

Then there's the man who says: "Yes, Pelmanism is no doubt all right for the brain worker or student, but I'm a mechanic"—or a farmer, a grocer, a policeman, a telegraphist, a rate collector, as the case may be. Just because some people reach much greater success than others in these vocations is proof that there is scope for keen workers in these and similar fields.

PELMANISM FOR INDUSTRIAL WORKERS.

A Pelman-trained mind will show the industrial worker, for instance, in which direction advancement lies, and what steps to take to attain the goal toward which he is striving. Thousands of letters from Pelmanists have been published at various times, demonstrating in unmistakable manner the great benefit which anyone can derive from the Course. A coal miner declares Pelmanism to be very useful to him in his work; a munition worker gives Pelmanism direct credit for his ability to design a patent pile; a Manchester bleacher says he never spent money to better advantage than on the Course. These instances could be multiplied almost indefinitely. The man or woman who hesitates to adopt Pelmanism through a mistaken notion that it is useful only to the business and professional classes is neglecting the supreme opportunity of his or her life.

If you have any lurking suspicion or any feeling of doubt concerning Pelmanism, apply to the Pelman Institute, at the address below, for a copy of "Mind and Memory," and carefully read it through. No sceptic who will take this slight trouble will longer remain unconvinced of the advantages which Pelmanism confers on those who adopt it in a whole-hearted fashion.

Full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the twelve lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute, and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course at a reduced fee, may be obtained gratis and post free by any reader of THE BOOKMAN *who applies to The Pelman Institute, 20 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.*

Overseas Addresses: 46–48, Market Street, Melbourne; 15, Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.

XUM

Russia during the last five years. As the daughter of the British Ambassador, much was open to her at the capital which was hidden from the outer world, and, within the narrow limits where her life was cast, Miss Buchanan has made good use of her advantage. Her book tells in lively fashion of life at the Tsar's Court in its last days, her own journeys to Moscow and to the Black Sea, the outbreak of the war and the anxious waiting for England to intervene, her experiences as a Red Cross nurse among the wounded and the refugees, the coming of the Revolution and, most interesting of all, the risings of the Bolsheviks in the summer and autumn of 1917. Miss Buchanan saw the Provisional Government and the Constituent Assembly overthrown by Lenin and his colleagues, who had promised their adherents peace, plenty and liberty. Two months later the British Ambassador and his daughter left Russia. Quite impersonal is Mr. Drew's little study,[2] which falls naturally into two parts, the first setting out the political, the second the economic problems of Russia as the author has observed them during a business career in that country of more than twenty years. It is always useful to have these problems restated, and the reader who wants a rough idea of Russian conditions before the war will find a useful guide in Mr. Drew. Mr. Brennan's still smaller volume[3] gives his impressions of Russia during the Revolution. An interesting inclusion is a translation of the notorious Order No. 1, which was issued by a section of the Petrograd Soviet in the first days of the Revolution, and struck the first blow at the discipline of the Army. Mr. Brennan's statements are not always correct—for example Suhomlinov was not the War Minister at the outbreak of the Revolution; he had long been in disgrace—but his argument that "the present situation in Russia is not a direct result of the great revolutionary movement which took place in February, 1917," is one which cannot be too often insisted upon nowadays. A precisely opposite view, however, is taken by Baron Graevenitz,[4] who writes of "this disastrous event [the Revolution] and its even more disastrous consequences." This is an unjustifiable standpoint; the Revolution was an event forced upon Russia by the old regime; it was Russia's only remaining hope; if it found the country immature in political organisation and leadership, and economically exhausted, whose fault was this but that of the truly "disastrous" despotism which had preceded it? When again Baron Graevenitz gravely assures his readers that "the opinion prevalent in Western Europe, that the lower classes were oppressed in Russia, was due to the lack of any deep knowledge of our country," they will do well to turn to the pictures of life under the old regime given in Mme. Calina's pages.[5] The authoress, who vouches for the authenticity of her descriptions of peasant and prison life, is a Polish lady who was arrested in her eighteenth year by the Russian police, under suspicion of being a member of a revolutionary organisation. She was imprisoned (without trial, of course) and subsequently banished from Poland into the interior of Russia. Her younger sister and her brothers, one of them only fourteen years, were also arrested at the same time. Mme. Calina's descriptions of the brutality of the police and prison officials, the sufferings of the prisoners, the filth, floggings and starvation, recall the writings of George Kennan and "Stepniak," who first made known to the outside world the full horror of the old Russia's "justice." Not less striking are Mme. Calina's pictures of the unspeakable poverty and degradation of the peasant's life under the Tsar. Taxes, drink (a Government monopoly and one of its chief sources of revenue), over-crowding, dirt, vermin—all these things combined with the overbearing behaviour of the minor police officials to make the peasant's life one of unrelieved misery:

"The old woman was preparing supper, and Nikifor was thinking. The beetles were continuing their assemblies. The two hens were standing beneath the bench, their heads hidden under their wings. The rat was still there. . . . So, I thought, human life can still continue even under such conditions. Nikifor took it for granted that he lived in an age of injustice, and that there was nothing to be done to improve his lot—that the beetles had to be there where they had been appointed to live . . . that all the poverty that surrounded him would vanish when he departed to another world. There was no doubt that Nikifor's mind was working around certain problems. He could not find the answers to them."

Is it surprising, then, that the overthrow of the old tyranny in Russia has been followed, after a short and glowing interval of great possibilities, by a period of horror in which the oppressed Nikifors are taking a terrible revenge upon their country for their past sufferings? But it is the irony of fate that the *intelligentsia*, which suffered so cruelly under the old regime, is now the victim of the new despotism also; once more the educated classes are faced by their implacable enemies, the gendarmerie, the police and the prison officials, who ever since March, 1917, have flocked to the Bolshevik camp, where they have found scope for their hideous talents and a safe refuge from the well-merited punishment that threatened them in the early months of the Revolution at the hands of an indignant democracy.

C. E. BECHHOFER.

[2] "Russia." By A. N. Drew. 3s. 6d. net. (Simpkin.)
[3] "Sidelights on Russia." By Hugh Brennan, M.A. 2s. 6d. net. (Nutt.)
[4] "From Autocracy to Bolshevism." By Baron P. Graevenitz. 5s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)
[5] "Scenes of Russian Life." By Josephine Calina. 6s. net. (Constable.)

STEVENSON'S NEW POEMS.*

This collection of hitherto unpublished poems by Stevenson was originally printed for its members by the Bibliophile Society of Boston, Massachusetts, in 1916. It was not noted by the editor of the Bibliography of the Works of Stevenson which was reviewed in THE BOOKMAN for December. Seeing that the Preface to the latter work was not written until 1917, and that the editor is an American lady, the explanation of its omission from the Bibliography is not very clear.

The series of new poems consists of one hundred and thirty-eight pieces besides several "Fragments." The editor, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, Stevenson's stepson, does not give any clue as to how they were discovered or in whose possession they were before they became available for issue by the society above mentioned. Such information would have been much appreciated by all Stevensonians. Mr. Osbourne thinks that the fact "that Stevenson should have preserved these poems through all the vicissitudes of his wandering life shows how dearly he must have valued them; and shows too, I think, beyond any contradiction, that he meant they should be ultimately published." We do not feel quite so sure on that point, for as most of the poems were undoubtedly composed at a fairly early period of Stevenson's literary career and were available for publication when he produced his several volumes of poems, it may well be that for this or that reason they were rejected by their author. It should, however, be remembered that, as Mr. Graham Balfour informs us in his Biography of his cousin, "he (Stevenson) made his son promise that he would 'never publish anything without Fanny's approval.'"

That behest makes it probable that Stevenson recognised the fact that among his literary remains there might be material the publication of which he was not set against provided his widow's consent should be obtained. Such a safeguard has been nullified by the regrettable death of Mrs. Stevenson early last year. Be all this as it may, there can surely be no question of the friendly and delighted reception of these additional poems by all who love R. L. S. and his works, both prose and verse. One might quite confidently have anticipated such a reception, an anticipation which is confirmed by the announcement that the volume has already reached a third impression. Stevenson's position as a poet will at least be sustained even

* "New Poems and Variant Readings." By Robert Louis Stevenson. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL

are happy to report that the demand for MARSHAL FOCH'S great book continues undiminished, and that the welcome extended to it by the Press has been universal. It is to be found at all Libraries and every good bookseller's.

THE PRINCIPLES OF WAR

By MARSHAL FOCH, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces. Translated by HILAIRE BELLOC, with numerous Maps and Diagrams. Demy 8vo. 21s. net.

They are publishing this week the most important study of the ex-Kaiser which has hitherto appeared, a book which has already been highly praised by Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL in the *British Weekly*. The author was American Ambassador to Germany, and he writes of what he knows with no uncertain vigour.

Impressions of the Kaiser

By DAVID JAYNE HILL, formerly American Ambassador to Berlin. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

They are also issuing the new book by Mr. ALEC WAUGH, whose school story, "The Loom of Youth," is now in its 20th thousand. This book is an honest, good-natured account of prison life in Germany, full of humorous sketches of the military prisoners and the life they lived, and illustrated by brilliant pen-and-ink pictures by Mr. Waugh's fellow-prisoner, Captain R. T. Roussel, of the Connaught Rangers.

The Prisoners of Mainz

By ALEC WAUGH, Author of "The Loom of Youth," with Illustrations by CAPTAIN R. T. ROUSSEL. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Another spirited and entertaining book just ready for publication is Mr. FRANCIS B. COOKE'S latest yachting volume, a collection of stories, adventures and sporting incidents recorded by one of the best-known British yachtsmen, and profusely illustrated.

In Tidal Waters

By FRANCIS B. COOKE, Author of "The Corinthian Yachtsman's Handbook," "Cruising Hints," "Seamanship for Small Yachts," "Yacht Racing for Amateurs," &c. With Illustrations by C. FLEMING WILLIAMS. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

Few educational movements have aroused more interest than that which expressed itself at REPTON in that independent and original periodical, *A Public School Looks at the World*, which was eventually suppressed by the authorities. The whole story of the movement is told in a book called

The School and the World

By VICTOR GOLLANCZ and DAVID SOMERVELL. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.
Now Ready Everywhere and in Great Demand.

Miss WINIFRED STEPHENS is one of the first living authorities upon French life and character, and her new book has been acclaimed everywhere for its timely revelation of questions of the hour, which the Press generally hesitate to discuss. Ask for it at your Library, where it is now ready and waiting.

The France I Know

By WINIFRED STEPHENS. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

Chapman & Hall's LATEST NOVELS include

THE CITY OF COMRADES
By BASIL KING. 7s. net.

THE LAW OF THE GUN
By RIDGWELL CULLUM. Second Edition. 7s. net.

OUT OF THE WAR?
By Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES. 7s. net.

THE SILENT BATTLE-FIELD
By MARY L. PENDERED. 7s. net.

QUEEN JENNIE
By MAY WYNNE. 7s. net.

CHAPMAN & HALL, LTD.,
11, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2

MACMILLAN'S LIST.

ESSAYS IN ROMANTIC LITERATURE.

By GEORGE WYNDHAM. Edited with an Introduction by CHARLES WHIBLEY. 8vo. 12s. net.

The Guardian.—"We thank Mr. Whibley gratefully for what he has done, and for his loyal words of introduction. The essays themselves are admirable of their kind. . . . A beautiful book is this, and a fine memorial of a fine scholar."

NEW NOVELS BY NOTABLE AUTHORS.

THE SECRET CITY.

A Novel of Russian Life. By HUGH WALPOLE, Author of "The Green Mirror," &c. 7s. 6d. net.

The Observer.—"It is a fine book, a masterly piece of work. To one who knows Russia only through her writers it seems like the work of a Russian."

"ELIZABETH"

CHRISTOPHER AND COLUMBUS.

A Novel by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. [*Immediately.*

WORKS BY

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

The Collected Writings of. In eleven vols. Cr. 8vo. 6s. net each.

Vol. I. Literary Essays.
II. Literary Essays.
III. Literary Essays.
IV. Literary Essays.
V. Political Essays.
VI. Literary and Political Addresses.
VII. Latest Literary Essays and Addresses.
VIII. Poetical Works. Vol. I.
IX. Poetical Works. Vol. II.
X. Poetical Works. Vol. III.
XI. Poetical Works. Vol. IV.

The Complete Poetical Works. Portrait, and Introduction by Thomas Hughes. Cr. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.C.2.

ARNOLD BENNETT'S "SELF AND SELF-MANAGEMENT"

SELF AND SELF-MANAGEMENT (3/- net), described as Essays about existing, is a new and brilliant addition to Arnold Bennett's famous POCKET PHILOSOPHIES, which already include HOW TO LIVE ON 24 HOURS A DAY, THE HUMAN MACHINE, LITERARY TASTE, FRIENDSHIP AND HAPPINESS, MENTAL EFFICIENCY, THE AUTHOR'S CRAFT, and MARRIED LIFE, 3/- net each.

HODDER & STOUGHTON, Publishers, LONDON, E.C.4

if his reputation be not increased by this publication. Many of the poems are truly what he wished them to be:

> "Songs with a lilt of words, that seem
> To sing themselves."

Perhaps the finest of the collection is that entitled "Death, to the Dead for Evermore"—a beautiful, noble and dignified composition:

> "Death, to the dead for evermore
> A king, a god, the last, the best of friends—
> Whene'er this mortal journey ends
> Death, like a host, comes smiling to the door;
> Smiling, he greets us, on that tranquil shore
> Where neither piping bird nor peeping dawn
> Disturbs the eternal sleep,
> But in the stillness far withdrawn
> Our dreamless rest for evermore we keep.
>
> "For as from open windows forth we peep
> Upon the night time, star beset
> And with dews for ever wet;
> So from this garish life the spirit peers;
> And lo! as a sleeping city death outspread,
> Where breathe the sleepers evenly; and lo!
> After the loud wars, triumphs, trumpets, tears
> And clamour of man's passion, Death appears,
> And we must rise and go.
>
> "Soon are eyes tired with sunshine; soon the ears
> Weary of utterance, seeing all is said;
> Soon, racked by hopes and fears,
> The all-pondering, all-contriving head,
> Weary with all things, wearies of the years;
> And our sad spirits turn toward the dead;
> And the tired child, the body, longs for bed."

No poet need be ashamed of having written that! Then there is an exquisite poem possibly inspired by Charles Lamb's "Dream-children," which begins, "God gave to me a child in part"; a delightful lyric, "To what shall I compare thee," and a notable sonnet—one of a series of eight—a form seldom used by Stevenson—"As starts the absent dreamer when a train" in which is embodied the poet's brave and unconquerable spirit.

This little volume beautifully printed on good paper will surely be greatly treasured by all good Stevensonians.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

ARNOLD BENNETT'S LATEST.*

Mr. Arnold Bennett seems still conducting experiments, still feeling about for a new method to match his desire to extend his range of observation. When he said good-bye to the Five Towns he started a revolution in his own art which was greater than he anticipated at the time. The change of venue synchronised with a holiday mood—like his "Card" he was for combining business with pleasure, giving himself recreation as well as prospecting farther afield—but knowingly or unknowingly he was cutting himself away from his moorings. The first result of his withdrawal from Bursley and its sister towns, and from the photographic realism to which the memories of childhood helped him, was farce, rollicking, jolly extravaganza, the central figure of which, that pushing, impudent, yet engaging Midlander, Machin, kept him just in touch with his past. But with farce went looseness of structure; irresponsibility involved some inconsequence. The contrast between the patient, elaborate construction of a "Clayhanger" or an "Old Wives' Tale" and the go-as-you-please scramble of "The Regent" was as marked as the difference between his seriousness as of an historian in his pictures of provincial Mid-Victorian civilisation and the adventurousness and frivolity of these excursions amid scenes of wealth and bohemianism which he undertook by deputy. He had, however, always permitted himself in lighter forms of fiction, as those who know their "Grand Babylon Hotel" and its sensational machinery and apparatus of luxury will recall, the indulgence of fantasy and colour. In "The Lion's Share," with its background of suffragism, he let fantasy run riot, technique go all to pieces, and appeared to trust entirely, and none too satisfactorily, to his own powers of improvisation. You perceive the improvisatore at work again in "The Pretty Lady," notwithstanding all its brilliant analysis of "gay" life and its practitioners; and here also you will note a trick or novelty of method which, to judge by his latest tale, he appears likely more and more to affect. He is to be seen constantly shifting his scenery, offering us peeps at different phases of smart or bohemian society, playing indeed the rôle of a "movie" showman.

And now for "The Roll Call" and its study of the career of a young architect carving his way in London to fortune. At first glance it looks as if Mr. Bennett had returned to the "Clayhanger" traditions of carefully accumulated detail and leisurely movement. During nearly half of the book, when certain jumps of time and action are allowed for, we have built up for us the experiences and environment of a youngster of genius learning his work in a Bloomsbury architect's office and finding a home and a sweetheart in the purlieus of Chelsea. The art may be a little thinner than that of the Five Towns novels, but apart from the fact that a boy with George Cannon's gifts is a lad in a million, the whole atmosphere is true—and such a character as Haim, the elderly clerk, so pitifully bent on securing married happiness for himself at the expense of his daughter, is a piece of portraiture the novelist has never bettered at his best. But suddenly Mr. Bennett seems to tire of his posture of close application, and his hero's success with his ambitious design supplies him with an excuse for relaxing effort or rather perhaps for achieving what has been his main object from the start. No longer close-knit, the novel becomes a panorama with constant variation of setting, in which modern youth is shown eagerly wooing pleasure, sampling the amenities of the world, making love and pushing towards success, as well as submitting to routine and responsibility. Mr. Bennett has always championed youth as against age, though never blind to its failings. Here with more partiality to its egoism than is usual with him, he is to be found claiming for it its place in the sun, its share in all that keeps life from being a mere drudgery, and claiming with much of youth's own zest his right to cover as wide an area as possible, to gratify his own instincts for adventure and change, to picture the comforts and delights of existence as a balance to its disciplines. So on the one hand he makes Edwin Clayhanger's stepson reject that martyr to duty, Marguerite, for the buoyant, passionate, pleasure-loving Lois; so on the other hand we get a cinema-show effect in the story, film replacing film in its latter section, till George Cannon volunteers for the Army and leaves the artist with fresh vistas opening out for the hero in a possible sequel. Still it cannot be said that from a technical point of view Mr. Bennett has turned out work that is all of a kind. "The Roll Call" is a compromise, one half, if you please to style it so, old-fashioned, the other perhaps foreshadowing his manner in the future, but by no means harmonising with the rest. Its author has either got to go on or to go back. Since he has never lacked enterprise his choice will probably be for the former procedure, so that there should be fresh excitement in store for his readers.

F. G. BETTANY.

* "The Roll Call." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson.)

READINGS IN LITERATURE.*

In a preface Mr. Sampson says that these Readers have been prepared for use in schools, and they are admirably suited to that purpose, but they are no less admirably suited to the needs of men and women who have left their schooldays well behind them, for he has laid the literatures of the world under contribution and compiled an anthology of the choicest poetry and prose written in or translated into English during the last six centuries. Here you have great stories from the Bible, Tolstoy, Cervantes, Smollett,

* "Cambridge Readings in Literature." Edited by George Sampson. In 5 volumes. 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. net each. Illustrated. (Cambridge Press.)

Marryat, Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Malory, North's Plutarch, Froude, Kinglake, and a host of such ancients and moderns. You may turn from Southey's masterly story of Trafalgar and the death of Nelson to Washington Irving's immortal fantasy, "Rip Van Winkle"; from Addison's "Vision of Mirzah" to Borrow's "Gipsy of Spain." De Quincey's picture of old coaching days, "Going Down with Victory," is followed by George Eliot's sketch of "The Mail Coach" a generation later, when railways were coming in. Carlyle is represented by his great narrative of "The Taking of the Bastille" and by "Labour and Learning" from "Sartor Resartus"; and Arnold Bennett in "The Boy Man" tells of labour and learning, but mostly of the former, in the story of Darius's childhood, taken from "Clayhanger." Things older than Hakluyt's gallant tale of Sir Humphrey Gilbert are here and as new as John Masefield's description of the Anzacs at Gallipoli and Chesterton's of "The Battle of the Marne."

The poetry is chosen with as nice and as catholic a taste as the prose. Spenser is here, and A. E. Housman; Shakespeare and Laurence Binyon; Milton and Leslie Coulson; Blake and W. B. Yeats; Keats and Shelley; and Belloc and Ralph Hodgson; passages from Chapman's Homer and from Charles Doughty's poem, "The Cliffs."

The book makes more for entertainment by taking no count of time and adopting no chronological order, yet the reader may, as Mr. Sampson says, discern some hints of a purpose in the choice and arrangement of the passages, as, for example, when an essay and two letters of Lamb's immediately precede the pleasant discourse from E. V. Lucas's "Old Lamps for New" on which of Lamb's essays you would wish to keep if all but one were to be destroyed; or when Barrie's delightful chapter on R. L. S. from "Margaret Ogilvy" is succeeded by Boswell's account of his first meeting with Johnson. With all English literature to choose from, Mr. Sampson has not only ranged the highways but gone into the by-ways and brought in much that is seldom or never yet to be found in anthologies; his selection has the charm of freshness and variety and is as excellent as it is miscellaneous. The volumes are illustrated with numerous reproductions from famous paintings and drawings.

PEN-PICTURES OF EASTERN LIFE.*

"The Modern Sons of the Pharaohs," of whom Mr. Leeder writes so fascinatingly, have in many respects changed so little that, in outward appearance, customs, and mental habits, they closely resemble their ancient progenitors. The physical characteristics of the Copts—as the Egyptians belonging to the oldest Christian Church, older even than the Roman Church, are called—correspond "to the human figures represented in the paintings and sculptures of the ancient race."

"A peasant passing through the bazaar carrying a pair of geese by the wings, in the fashion peculiar to Egypt, might have stepped straight down from a painting in one of the old tombs, for the picture he makes is photographically exact in every detail."

The old sheikh supports himself with a stick with a peculiar crotch, always cut from an almond tree, exactly the same as the staves that appear in the hands of the deities represented by the ancient Egyptians. The blacksmith, a replica of the "picture of a primeval artisan," makes "implements which, like the man who will use them, belong to the period of the Book of Genesis." The plough is "exactly the same as that used by the ancient Egyptians, and so are the pick and the hoe." The "methods of brick-making used are exactly as of old, as the pictures on the monuments testify." The people still believe that

* "The Modern Sons of the Pharaohs." By S. H. Leeder. 16s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"The Little Daughter of Jerusalem." By Myriam Harry. With an Introduction by Jules Lemaitre of the Académie Francaise. Translated from the French by Phœbe Allen. 6s. net. (Dent.)

J. M. DENT & SONS, Ltd.

THE BIOLOGY OF WAR

By Dr. G. F. NICOLAI, sometime Professor of Physiology at the University of Berlin. Translated from the German (*Die Biologie des Krieges*) by CONSTANCE and JULIAN GRANDE. Cloth, 21s. net.

This work was written in the German fortress of Graudenz, where the author suffered for his opinions before escaping by aeroplane into Denmark. The book was first published in Switzerland, and attracted immediate and widespread attention throughout the world.

Daily News:—"An absorbing book."

THE STATE AND THE NATION

By EDWARD JENKS. Cr. 8vo. Cloth, 4s. net.

This book is entirely different in style and contents from the ordinary handbook of political economy. The argument, based upon history, is consistently directed towards the creation of that sense of community without which no true citizenship is possible.

AMERICA & BRITAIN

By Dr. A. C. MACLAUGHLIN, Head of the History Department in the University of Chicago. Cr. 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

A reprint of four lectures on the historical relations of the two countries, delivered at the University of London in the spring of 1918.

NATIONALITY AND THE WAR

By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE. Cloth, 9s. 6d. net.

The questions raised in this book were academic when first discussed by the author in 1915; now they are either already matters of history or problems to be faced without delay.

OSIERS AND WILLOWS

By W. P. ELLMORE. Fully Illustrated. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 4s. net.

A detailed description of a fascinating and profitable industry.

THE LEAF BURNERS, and other Poems.

By ERNEST RHYS. Large Cr. 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

Daily News:—"A great deal of attractive verse, especially attractive just now."

THE VOICE BEAUTIFUL—in Speech and Song.

By ERNEST G. WHITE. With Diagrams and Illustrations. Cloth, 5s. net.

ESSAYS BY ALPHA OF THE PLOUGH.

Uniform, Cr. 8vo, cloth, 5s. 6d. net.

PEBBLES ON THE SHORE

Illustrated by C. E. BROCK.

LEAVES IN THE WIND

Illustrated by CLIVE GARDINER.

10-13, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2

"to allow the sun to rise above one's slumbering head is in a very positive way prejudicial to health." Their attitude towards life has altered but little, and their superstitions remain much the same.

Here and there in the country one sees signs of modernisation creeping into Coptic life. On large estates, for instance, rich Copts have built railway systems to keep the various parts in touch with the centre. The work of reclamation of desert sand-hills is being carried on by scientific adjustment of levels, and by "enriching the sand with chemical food." A traveller visiting even remote oases comes across sewing machines "of the latest models." The very modern and travelled Copt "departs from" the custom of offering his guest a cup of coffee and a cigarette or a cup of wine and a nosegay of flowers, and "orders the whisky bottle and the siphon."

Mr. Leeder says, more than once, that there is no real cleavage between the Christian Copt and the Muslim Egyptian except in the cities. He attributes the differences that have arisen between the two largely to:

"... writers who are always telling them (the Copts) that (after fourteen hundred years) the Arab is an intruder in Egypt, and the country really belongs to the Copts; that because 'the genuine Egyptians are the Christian Copts' they ought to have special treatment at English hands; that their faults are largely the faults that come from oppression; who would, indeed, keep alive for ever a hatred of Moslems by dwelling on the past while flattering the Copts by attributing to them virtues they do not possess."

He goes on to say that the cleavage between Copt and Moslem, thus fostered, "dates only from the British occupation ... the two have no innate antagonism, as history has again and again proved." He does not hesitate to assert that from the "English the Copt has gained nothing by the cleavage, but rather the claims he has made to special favour have resulted to some degree in a denial of bare justice."

The author substantiates the Coptic claim that "whereas when the British took control of the country their people occupied a great number of the highest positions in the State, in less than a quarter of a century almost all Coptic heads of departments have disappeared." For instance, they "were fully represented on the bench of judges, but gradually the number has been reduced to *nil*; and so in every other department of State, the process of removing them, and shutting the door against fresh appointments, has gone on until they have been reduced to a state of discouragement bordering on despair."

Mr. Leeder says that whereas Copts in Upper Egypt would ride "for three hours on a donkey's back to attend the Sunday worship," yet Government offices are not closed on Sundays, and even Coptic priests are compelled to attend courts on the Sabbath. He considers it to be an irony of fate that under a Christian government—for, as he says, in pre-war days as now, the British were the real rulers of Egypt—the Christian Copts are being absorbed by Islam.

The frankness and courage with which Mr. Leeder writes are most admirable. The conclusions at which he has arrived are, as a rule, sound. His book, especially the latter part in which he discusses Egyptian problems, deserves to be read carefully and sympathetically.

Myriam Harry, like Mr. Leeder, writes in a pleasant style. Her description of life in Jerusalem, which for centuries has been the axle upon which the religious world of Christian, Jew, and Muslim alike have revolved, are vivid and faithful. Containing, as the city does, the shrines of these three great religions, it draws to itself a motley crowd of pilgrims from all over the world—"Bulgarians with their straw shoes; the Tcherkesses, carrying organ pipes on their chest; the Greeks, wearing white garments like ballet girls; the Polish Jews in their kaftans; the Persians in their astrakan fur caps; and the tall Austrians, wearing small peaked hats ... the Russian pilgrim ... old men and women ... their hobnail boots clattering noisily at every step," American millionaires, and Cook's parties, all bound for the Holy Sepulchre.

These pilgrims have many wants, which are assiduously catered for by the residents of the Holy City and its suburbs. During the winter when they abound Jews bend "over their benches at work," Sundays and weekdays, "with their hair twisted up in long curl papers which dangle from each ear and look ... very much like the spiral shavings that fall from their planes," which fashion olive wood into bindings for tourists' books. They wear "long, greasy kattans, which flop round them with every movement, yet never seem to cause them any inconvenience." Some have "black velvet caps on their heads, edged with fur," which remind one of curled up cats. "A few old women in silk wigs" sit together "in one corner with their knitting, whilst a dirty little brat" crawls about on "the floor, his ragged trousers revealing skin of very doubtful cleanliness."

No ordinary pen could portray the kaleidoscopic life of Jerusalem, with its ever shifting colours. Myriam Harry possesses all the gifts needed for the execution of so composite a picture. M. Jules Lemaitre writes, in his sympathetic introduction, she was born and brought up in an old Saracen house in Jerusalem, and her father was a Russian Jew converted to the Anglican Church, and her mother a German Lutheran. She learned in her babyhood to speak German, English, Arabic, and a smattering of French. Most of her girlhood was spent in Jerusalem, and then she went to Germany to study in a girls' school in Berlin. While there she wrote several novels in German, which appeared in the *Berliner Tageblatt*. She went to France while in the midst of her teens, and, conceiving a great passion for French language and literature, studied with almost frenzied enthusiasm. Later she visited Syria, parts of Arabia, Egypt, a number of European countries, India, Ceylon, China, Indo-China, and Tunis. It is only to be expected that a cosmopolite like her would give us a fascinating account of life in Jerusalem, in the form of a story with just enough plot to afford her the opportunity of introducing the Western reader to many typical characters and scenes.

ST. NIHAL SINGH.

GEORGE MEREDITH AND HIS FRIENDS.*

Those of us who look back on the eighties and the early nineties and contrast those distant times with the present may well sometimes be moved to wonder whether the literary enthusiasms which some of us felt then have any parallel among the youthful readers of to-day. There is not very much evidence of it, it is to be feared. Yes, feared, for after all sincere hero-worship may at the least be said to imply something of noble aspiration, if no more, in the worshipper. Do our young people feel towards any of the writers of the present day as some of us felt towards George Meredith in days when the acquisition of a fresh one of those dark-blue cloth-covered volumes was a memorable event? Are long walks taken simply that the admirer may look upon the home of the "master," as many of us have walked miles through Surrey to look upon Flint Cottage from the upward slope leading to the summit of Box Hill? If not, then it seems well-nigh hopeless to suggest to our younger contemporaries all that is meant to many of us by such a book as that which Mr. S. M. Ellis has produced.

There have been many books on George Meredith since the admiring recognition of his genius by an audience "fit but few" expanded into something not far removed from popularity. Much has been written about his personality and the story of his life since those days when we had little but his books—and rumours. Some of those rumours, amusing to look back upon, are indicated in this latest addition to Meredithiana; light has been thrown since Meredith's death on many things that piqued our

* "George Meredith: His Life and Friends in Relation to His Work." By S. M. Ellis. 21s. net. (Grant Richards.)

curiosity just because they were dark to us in the days of youthful hero-worshipping. In Mr. Ellis's book it may be said that such light is thrown on to details of the whole, making clear some matters that remained blurred. Whether hero-worshippers are right in desiring to know all that can be known about the object of their worship, and whether others are justified in seeking to satisfy that desire, are matters on which opinion is likely always to be divided; for most of us, however, Thackeray's words stand true—"his one or two happy and heroic actions take a man's name and memory out of the crowd of names and memories. Henceforth he stands eminent. We want to know all about him."

Those in whom—as poet, as novelist, and as man—George Meredith evoked the true feeling of hero-worship will find in this volume much that is fresh and much that is deeply interesting. If they find also some things that are painful they will yet reach the close of the work with their regard for the great man no whit diminished. They may find things about their hero which are sad—yet they are things which, if they indicate something of temperamental weakness, do no more than that. There was a want of sympathy between him and his father—curiously reflected in the relationship between him and the son by his first marriage as that son grew up; there seems almost a want of feeling in the refusal to visit the dying wife from whom he had been separated—yet it is better to know these things, than to have them hidden merely because they are not pleasant. Cromwell's instruction to the painter, "warts and all," should be borne in mind by the biographer. Biography should be a truthful record, not a mere selection of elegant extracts concerning a man deemed worthy of being the subject of such.

We can—rich in the array of volumes he bequeathed to us—afford to smile at the way in which Meredith chose to mystify the world as to the place in which he was born, the family to which he belonged. It was surely a pardonable weakness. Had he flaunted the fact that his father and grandfather had kept a naval tailor's and outfitter's shop in Portsmouth, the generality of readers would have found in it matter for derision, would have scoffed at the very idea of a tailor's son who should have essayed the portrayal of such society as is shown in "The Egoist," though they might have found something pertinent to the matter in the surname of the hero. That there was no real littleness in maintaining a mystery as to his family origin may be assumed as certain; were it otherwise it is scarcely conceivable that he could have so faithfully founded his fiction of "Evan Harrington" in the facts of his own family history.

Mr. Ellis—himself a grandson of the novelist's aunt who was the original of the wife of Major Strike in the great novel of tailordom—has much that is interesting to tell us of the extent to which the story of Evan Harrington is founded in family history; though maybe his zeal for his theme takes him a little too far afield when he thinks it necessary to give, though briefly, the service records of "Major Strike's" family. It will, perhaps, for most readers be particularly interesting to read of that one of Meredith's aunts who was the original of that wonderful woman, the Countess de Saldar, one of the most remarkable figures in the whole of the novelist's portrait gallery of women. It is curious to find how closely in writing this particular novel the author adhered to fact—so closely, indeed, that it might well make some readers think it necessary to find "originals" for all his great character portrayals.

It is a fascinating Meredithian miscellany that Mr. Ellis has produced, one in which we follow the story of the great poet-novelist's life from its strange beginning up to the time when the comparative public neglect of his work during his busiest years was succeeded by his being throned as the object of a cult. The volume is illustrated with many capital portraits and views, and may confidently claim a place on the shelf of every true Meredithian.

WALTER JERROLD.

JOHN LANE'S NEW BOOKS

THE NEW ELIZABETHANS
By **E. B. OSBORN.**
Demy 8vo. 16/- net.
A series of Memoirs of men distinguished in all walks of life who have fallen in the war, with numerous portraits and other illustrations.

THE TOYS OF PEACE
LAST STORIES
By **H. H. MUNRO ("SAKI").**
With a Memoir and Portrait. Crown 8vo. 7/- net
This volume contains the posthumous stories and sketches of "SAKI," together with a memoir. The war took nothing from the savour of "SAKI'S" peculiar wit, and the volume is a fitting memorial to a man who has shown by his life and death that his biting satire was but a symbol of his passionate love for his country.
"This last volume contains some of his best fantastical humour."—*Morning Post.*
"In 'The Toys of Peace' 'Saki' is at his most characteristic. . . . If you want a laughing tonic here it is. These stories bubble with mirth and bewilder with surprise."—*National News.*

THE AMETHYST RING
BY
ANATOLE FRANCE
Translated by B. DRILLIEN.
Demy 8vo. 7/6 net.
A new volume in the English Edition of the WORKS OF ANATOLE FRANCE.
"Reveals M. France in his most genial and human vein."—Holbrook Jackson in the *National News.*
"A graceful translation . . . this exquisite story."—*Daily Graphic.*
"One of his most delicious satires. . . . 'The Amethyst Ring' in its English dress should give the keenest delight."—*Bystander.*

JOHN LANE, The Bodley Head, Vigo Street, W.1

STANLEY PAUL'S
LATEST NEW NOVELS
Crown 8vo, 7/- net each.

THE LAST DITCH	Violet Hunt
BARBARA MARY	Elizabeth Stirling
The FREEDOM of FENELLA	E. Everett-Green
CATHERINE STERLING	Norma Lorimer
A DARING DAUGHTER	Cyrus Townsend Brady
ABINGTON ABBEY	Archibald Marshall
THE UPROOTERS (6/- net)	J. A. T. Lloyd
GREEN DUSK for DREAMS (6/- net)	Cecil Adair
EYES OF ETERNITY	E. Everett-Green
THERE WAS A KING IN EGYPT	Norma Lorimer

THE MEMOIRS OF THE DUKE DE ST. SIMON
Newly Translated and Edited by FRANCIS ARKWRIGHT. In six handsomely bound volumes. Demy 8vo, illustrated with 24 photogravure plates, 12/6 net each volume.
For the last 200 years the Memoirs of the Duke de St. Simon have been reckoned among the immortal biographies of the world.
**** *Ask your Bookseller to show you this edition.*
LONDON: STANLEY PAUL & CO.

XUM

Novel Notes.

THE TUNNEL. By Dorothy M. Richardson. 6s. net. (Duckworth.)

This, the fourth novel by Miss Richardson, appears to us the best thing she has yet given us; it is clearer and more intelligible than "Honeycomb" and "Pointed Roofs" and "Backwater." We continue the story of Miriam Henderson, and there is a really wonderful description, in Miss Richardson's best and most characteristic manner, of Miriam's day at the house in Wimpole Street, where she is a dentist's secretary. "I mustn't stay here, thinking these thoughts . . . it's that evil thing in me, keeping on and on, always thinking thoughts, nothing getting done . . . going through life like a stuck pig. If I went straight on, things would come just like that, just the same in flashes—bang, bang in your heart, everything breaking into light just in front of you. . . ." The details and thoughts of the one day are spread into thirty-five pages. Read patiently at this novel (it is as though every thought that passes through Miriam's mind is set down—all the inconsequent wayward thoughts as well as the golden-bright arresting ones) and you must be fascinated. There are pages and pages when nothing definite takes place, but no page that does not display a real, peculiar, and intriguing art.

THE MARNE: A TALE OF THE WAR. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Those who are tired of war stories should not let the title of Mrs. Wharton's new book stop them from reading it. If they do, they will have missed an uncommonly good and fresh story. For this is no usual war story that Mrs. Wharton tells us, although it is all about ordinary people and events which, since the war, we have almost come to regard as ordinary too—but which nothing can make ordinary in the usual sense of the word. To outline briefly the plot of the tale would give no idea of the real value of the book. It is the author's style and her outlook on life which makes her work so inspiring. Mrs. Wharton recaptures the spirit of the times she is dealing with in a wonderful manner. She portrays with strict impartiality the Americans in her story, and while she does not minimise their weak points yet she does not fail to bring out their sterling qualities before the finish. "The Marne" is a very short story, yet between the covers of this small volume is packed more sound common sense, more excellent character studies, more sympathy with and understanding of humanity than is found in many a full-size novel with its regulation number of pages.

THE SILENT BATTLE-FIELD. By Mary L. Pendered. 7s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

The silent battle-field of this exceptionally clever and thoughtful novel is the soul of Rollo Johnson. Rollo is the love-child of a one-time parlourmaid in a nobleman's house, and his own love story is intimately connected with the same noble family. His mother, a humble and uneducated woman, has the pride and grit to attempt to build a solid and comfortable future for her boy and herself in her own country town, Eniborough. She opens a small shop, and anxious that her son should mix with "young gentlemen" she contrives to send him to the Lower Grammar School. Rollo more than justifies his mother's hard work and sacrifices, and soon his ambition outstrips hers, and, thanks to the great success of a new jam which he advertises as Johnson's Fruit Cheese, money and power begin to flow in. The various influences that go to shape the character of Rollo Johnson are described with the author's usual strength and delicacy and insight, and the conflict between his better nature—he is a Socialist at heart—and his ambition for worldly success is portrayed with great feeling and sincerity.

MORNING JOY. By Rachel Swete Macnamara. 6s. 9d. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

"A daffodil springing through brown bracken, a crescent moon among clouds, a silver birch in an oak wood." Such was Desirée, only child of Lady Brigid and the Rev. Noel Hasard, of Bressy Rectory, a place of warm, creeper-covered brick and mullioned windows. The Hasards are rather a delightful English family, and Miss Macnamara (who is something of a poet) works up the charms of Desirée so artfully that all her readers must fall in love with the apple-blossom maid, flourishing the bright sword of youth. Miss Macnamara fully understands what so many novelists, striving to catch the ear of the populace, fail to understand—that women love to read of love, and she gives us in much fullness of detail Desirée's love story. "You look like—like the very rose of dawn," stammers the strong, fine lover. Jeremy is quite an ideal sort of hero and, after all, the shadow that passes over their glittering love lasts only for a short time, and the tale ends in a blaze of happiness. Somewhat high-falutin and entirely conventional in conception, this novel will undoubtedly find a large public, for it is of the flowery sweetness and right-mindedness that never fail to go down; and there is real charm in its vividly coloured chapters.

THE SPLENDID OUTLAW. By Jackson Gregory. 5s. net. (Melrose.)

A capital cowboy story of the Bear Track, with not a little love in it, a great deal of hard hitting and hard drinking, and work for the sheriff as well as the parson. It opens excitingly enough with the return of Hal, the Cowboy, to Queen City, from which one-street town he had recently been expelled for riotous conduct arising from a drunken orgy. His reception by the inhabitants so infuriates him that with boy-like braggadocio he deliberately "liquors up" and dares the town to do its worst with him. There are many interesting and well-drawn characters in the story, including two professional gamblers and a giant "disciple of Jesus," John Brent. "Six feet four and broad in proportion, endowed with a bull's voice, a cavern for a mouth, big knotted hands, an arm swelling in his shirt sleeves like a blacksmith's, a face like a prize-fighter's, deep, steel-grey eyes under tangled, hanging brows, a weight of solid bone and sinew which made the floor creak, as shaggy as a shepherd dog from a bed in the thicket, ungainly, ill-dressed, belligerent." The story is as vivid and full of colour and movement as any of its author's predecessors, and should command a like success.

BARBARA MARY. By Elizabeth Stirling. 6s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Probably this is a first novel. It is not the work of a practised hand. It is all rather novelettish. But many people like novelettes; and the sugary story of Barbara Mary, eighteen years old, fresh from a convent, bound

Miss Elizabeth Stirling.

through the provisions of a strange will to marry the handsome Sir Roger, will satisfy them completely. Sir Roger with "the deep-blue eyes, so heavily fringed with black lashes, the dark hair with its unconquerable disposition to curl, and the quizzical mouth shaded by the small, dark moustache," was rather a flirt—hence all the trouble. But directly we ascertained that pure little naïve Barbara has "hair of ruddiest gold, a shade which hairdressers and optimistic clients approach by means of peroxide of zinc, but which is rarely bestowed by nature," we knew that Sir Roger would turn to her in the end. So he does; and we are bound to admit that Miss Stirling is wonderfully readable, though her materials are so very stale.

THE MIDDLE TEMPLE MURDER. By J. S. Fletcher. 6s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

Spargo, the journalist, going homewards along Fleet Street in the small hours of the morning, learns from a policeman standing at the end of Middle Temple Lane that there is the body of a man lying in one of the entries down the Lane, and the Inn porter believes it is a case of murder. Another constable hurries up, and Spargo goes with them to investigate. From that moment he steps into an increasingly baffling maze of mystery and the reader follows him, finding promises of a way out here and there, some of which only bring him back almost to where he started, whilst others lead him farther astray, and others again give him a clue to the light he is seeking. It is all too carefully and ingeniously planned to be probable, but it holds you closely interested and continually baulked till you arrive at the end with the whole knotty problem unravelled. A thoroughly readable, enjoyable yarn.

THE GREAT PORTRAIT MYSTERY. By R. Austin Freeman. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

There are seven engrossing stories in Mr. R. Austin Freeman's latest volume of detective fiction, and—as is quite proper—the story that gives its title to the book is the longest and most ingenious of them all. It centres round the theft from the National Gallery of a valuable portrait of James the Second, and its equally mysterious restoration a day or so later undamaged and unchanged except for the appearance of a new bottom bar on the frame to which the canvas is tacked. The solution of the mystery is of the first importance to Joseph Fittleworth, the responsible official at the Gallery, and to his fiancée, a youthful student in the same building, and the two of them devote their whole energy to the problem. Inquiries into the history of the picture and into the Pepysian records at Cambridge disclose the fact that the stretcher-bar was used as the hiding-place of a royal secret concerning buried treasure, which was confided to wise old Samuel Pepys. The tracking-down of the treasure and incidentally of the picture-thieves as well is worked out in a way that holds the reader thrilled and absorbed to the last page. Originality of plot and lightness of touch characterise all the stories in this entertaining volume, which will assuredly enjoy a wide welcome.

The Bookman's Table.

THE SOUL OF TWO KNIGHTS. By Olive Katharine Parr (Beatrice Chase). 1s. net. (Longmans.)

Most readers have heard of the Army of "White Knights" enrolled by Miss "Beatrice Chase," and daily prayed for in the little white chapel on Dartmoor which her scheme for their enlistment and protection has made illustrious. Few of all that gallant company can have come through mire and fire more triumphantly than the two brothers (one, happily, still living, the other numbered with the deathless dead) whose war experiences are here recorded. Miss Chase wisely leaves them to tell their own story for the most part, by letters and diaries. These are occasionally and appropriately knit together, however, by an interlinking thread of narrative, or of comment equally congruous

CECIL PALMER & HAYWARD

Ready in March.

AIR PIE (The R.A.F. Annual)
Edited by W. KEAN SEYMOUR and CECIL PALMER. 5/- net.
This annual aims at expressing some part of the national enthusiasm and gratitude evoked by the *esprit de corps* and gallantry of the youngest of our fighting Services. It contains stories and poems by Thomas Hardy, H. G. Wells, John Galsworthy, G. K. Chesterton, Marie Corelli, H. de Vere Stacpoole, and other distinguished authors. Among the artists who contribute pictures in colour and black-and-white are Sir William Orpen, Frank Brangwyn, Sir John Lavery, Augustus John, Will Dyson, Muirhead Bone, and C. R. W. Nevinson.

THE NAVAL SIDE
By EDWARD NOBLE, Author of "Outposts of the Fleet," etc. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7/6 net. Illustrated with photographs.
"Mr. Noble . . . has been described as the novelist of the Merchant Service; he has been something more. He could with equal truth be described as the K.C. of the Merchant Service."—*Argus.*

AUSTRALIA AT WAR Drawings at the Front
By Lieut. WILL DYSON, Official Artist to the A.I.F. in the Field. Size 10ins. by 15ins. 7/6 net. With lengthy and appreciative Introduction by G. K. CHESTERTON.
"Every one of these sketches is the work of a true artist, and the letterpress is thoroughly in tune with the pictures."—*Army & Navy Gazette.*

THE DREAMER, and other Poems
By HELEN CASH. Cloth, 3/6 net.
". . . a keen responsiveness to nature and a passionate revolt against social injustice."—*Times.*

SONGS of the WORLD WAR
By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK. Stiff covers, 2/- net.
"They are characteristically beautiful and thoughtful."—*British Weekly.*

OAKLEY HOUSE, BLOOMSBURY ST., W.C.1

MARCH 19 19 *FEATURES*

PHILIP GIBBS'S NEW BOOK
OPEN WARFARE
THE WAY TO VICTORY 10/6 net
From the taking of Passchendaele to the signing of the Armistice.
Uniform with above. Each 6/- net.
THE BATTLES OF THE SOMME
FROM BAPAUME TO PASSCHENDAELE
BULGARIA: PROBLEMS AND POLITICS
By G. CLENTON LOGIO. 10/- net
THREE YEARS of NAVAL WARFARE
By R. H. GIBSON. 12/6 net
"A better contemporary record of the naval war has not appeared."—*Scotsman.*

THE LETTERS OF SWINBURNE
In Two Volumes. One Guinea
"This collection of prose by one of the greatest singers of his day adds not a little to the splendour of his name."—*Daily Chronicle.*

A POEM AND TWO PLAYS
BY JOHN MASEFIELD 5/- net
Contains "Rosas" (a long Narrative Poem) and two Prose Plays, "The Locked Chest" and "The Sweeps of Ninety-Eight."
THE HEART OF PEACE POEMS
By LAURENCE HOUSMAN 5/- net
JOHN GALSWORTHY'S NEW BOOK.
ANOTHER SHEAF ESSAYS 6/- net
"He brings to all he writes a lofty sincerity, a deep pity and an inexhaustible charity."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"THE WORK OF A MASTER"
THE THREE BLACK PENNYS
A Novel by JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER. 6/- net
The Times review of this great work can be had post free from the Publisher.

WM. HEINEMANN, 21 Bedford Street, W.C.2

with the "flaming whiteness" of the main fabric. The brothers, Cyril and Eric, "had but one soul in their two bodies." Jonathan and David, in the old, dim wars of Hebrew and Philistine, loved no more truly or fervently. And their faith was as wonderful as their love; it was less faith than vision, "the *substance* of things hoped for," revealing the Real Presence in the scenes most likely to prove its negation. But the chief impression left on the reader's mind is the unutterable waste and cruelty of the war, which doomed to Flanders mud lilies born, surely, to enrich a worthier garden. These boys saw Christ in the trenches; if we see Him as clearly we shall create, for the boys of the future, a world where trench horrors will find no place.

SONGS OF WALES AND DEVON. By Winnifred Tasker. 2s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

Miss Tasker makes her first bid for recognition in this slender volume, but it is not too slender or slight to offer evidence of faculty and the beginning of art in verse. Indeed, some passages there and here have more the suggestion of attainment than that of initial effort, and if there are not many they are enough to make fair promise of things which should follow in their season. The poems are mostly descriptive, as the general title indicates, but Miss Tasker has the saving gift of making her places pictures, and her pictures suggestive also, so that they become familiar to the inward eye, though the eye of flesh has not seen them. This is no common quality in poems of places, as their long annals bear witness, nor is it all that should be said of these songs, for some of them do more than make suggestive pictures; occasionally they are haunted and haunting, so that in the Pass of Aberglaslyn, beyond "the sound of many rivers" it seems to us—as to the singer—that "all the harps of Wales" are playing. To us also as to her, that road which "leads to Wooda Bay" is in truth neither road nor cave, but a place of Faerie, set about with the "worship of July"; and when the late moon comes over the presences throng in hosts. Bettws-y-Coed may be less than a name, but we see those far-off hillsides, the rhododendrons of that particular river, and most of all we know those certain voices, "crying through the night." So the book is not apart from seership, because it gives the visions, and we think therefore that it makes a good beginning.

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE NATION. By P. S. O'Hegarty. 4s. net. (Maunsel.)

Among students of Irish history Mr. O'Hegarty has earned the reputation for meticulous and original work, and is well known in Gaelic circles as a lecturer of ability. The volume under review treats in a brief but fascinating way of the five centuries of history commencing with the first English invasion, and culminating with the overthrow of the clan system. He shows how the federal instinct of the Irish was at once their weakness and their strength. Their weakness, inasmuch as there was no one king with the power to call a general hosting; and their strength because there was no central government, the overthrow of which would mean the defeat of the whole nation. Thus every inch of territory was fought for again and again, and it was not until the subtlety of English statesmen attacked the roots of nationality—language and customs—that the English gained any firm foothold on the country. The book is written from an entirely Irish point of view, and Mr. O'Hegarty has had access to the widest sources of information. In all cases where the Irish annals and the English State papers disagree the Irish authority has been accepted. It is a common belief that the religious question looms, and has always loomed very largely on the canvas of political Ireland. Mr. O'Hegarty denies this, and says that his studies have convinced him that until the introduction of the penal laws religion had no material influence on political happenings. Occasionally we can see our author writing furiously in a white heat of passion, but as a whole it is a sober treatise, and one that everybody interested in the question of "small nationalities" should read.

NOW READY.

PROFESSIONAL ETHICS

BEING A SERIES OF LECTURES DELIVERED TO APPRENTICES-AT-LAW

BY

P. R. SUNDARA IZER, B.A., B.L.

(Late Judge of His Majesty's High Court of Judicature at Madras),

WITH A FOREWORD BY

SIR P. S. SIVASWANNY AUJER, KT., C.S.I., C.I.E.

P. R. RAMA IZAR & CO., MADRAS.

AUTHORS' MSS., etc., promptly and carefully executed. 10d. per 1,000 words. Highest testimonials.—Miss BEAUMONT, 101, Melrose Avenue, Wimbledon Park.

The Waverley Nib

Only in the Cameron pen can the famous Waverley nib be had. There is a choice of four other nibs—Hindoo, 'J,' Bankers or Normal. Prices: 15s. and 1 Guinea upwards.

CAMERON
SAFETY SELF FILLERS

Illustrated list from
MACNIVEN & CAMERON, LTD.,
Cameron House, 26-28, St. Bride St., London, E.C. 4

Martin for Results
PHOTOGRAPHY
Why not sell for immediate cash any Folding Kodak or other old Camera you are not using? Developing and Printing List free.
MARTIN, Chemist, Southampton.

Typewriting. Authors' MSS., etc., copied accurately, promptly, 1/2 1,000 words; poetry, 1½d. 72 words. Testimonials.—Miss Jacobs, 24, Alexandra Road, Worthing, Sussex.

GLAISHER'S MARCH LIST (No. 434) OF BOOK BARGAINS NOW READY.
Post free on application to
WILLIAM GLAISHER, Ltd., Booksellers, 265, High Holborn, W.C.1.
All Books in new condition as when originally published. No second-hand books kept.

AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER.—Authors should forward Stories, Poems, Novels, Plays, Essays, Music and Songs (for separate publication or for Serial placing) to Mr. ARTHUR STOCKWELL, Publisher, 29, Ludgate Hill, London. Advice Free. Typewriting is not essential.

DUTTON'S 24 HOUR SHORTHAND

DUTTON'S SHORTHAND has only 6 rules and 29 characters. Complete theory learned in 24 hours. That stage reached, practice quickly gives high reporting speeds. Send 2 stamps for specimen lessons to Dutton's College (Desk D.63), Skegness.

XUM